

HOW OTHERS SEE US

By R. K. Karanjia

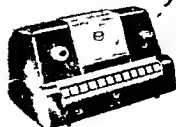


Illustrated by P. S. Goray

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Preface



SEEING OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US is a very salutary pastime for individuals as well as nations and, particularly, the government and the ruling class of any country. With most modern governments, it is no longer a pastime, but a high-powered whole-time job conducted systematically and scientifically by professionals and experts at home and abroad whose reports claim the highest priority of governmental and parliamentary attention. Nations like U.K., U.S.A. and U.S.S.R., for example, maintain whole departments which gather, record, analyse and report foreign re-

actions, down to the most casual and insignificant remark dropped by somebody who matters in the course of a drawing-room conversation or gup over the bar, coming home from their diplomats, agents, journalists, businessmen or ordinary tourists abroad.

I was astonished to hear a rather nasty crack about President Truman made by me in the course of a conversation over Scotch-and-soda with the head of a famous American banking concern, in Delhi, bounce back at me from the mouth of the Consul in charge of the Visa Department of the US Embassy in London. I was told that I should not be surprised if the President himself had knowledge of my ribald joke at his expense! Another famous or notorious, as the case may be, European personality stumped me by cutting short the usual exchange of compliments that follows a handshake with the remark: "Tut, tut, M. Blitz! You have no need to tell white lies. I know precisely what your paper thinks of me and my politics"

I wonder if any foreign journalist had similar experience with our own President or Prime Minister. I do not think the latter ever receive such unpalatable information. I am afraid none of our diplomats, agents, journalists,

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businessmen or ordinary tourists abroad would care—or, rather, dare—to inform them of such things I can well imagine Nehru or Rajendra Prasad blowing up like a Diwali cracker if somebody were to tell him that the head of a European State described our neutrality as “imbecility” or condemned our foreign policy as “the introduction of a third sex” in international politics.

One among our numerous national weaknesses is that we or, at least, our ruling party haven't the capacity to see themselves as others see them, or even to laugh at themselves, we lack the necessary objectiveness and sense of humour. Otherwise we would not continue to entertain ourselves and the world to all the prevalent poppycock and swagger about Gandhism and Buddhism, our ancient culture and our historical civilisation, our leadership of Asia and our sky-rocketing international prestige.

It is with the object of making — nay, forcing — our ruling classes to see themselves in the by-no-means complimentary mirror of world opinion that this book, or pamphlet, has been written. It does not presume to be anything more than a journalist's notes marshalled into fifteen brief and modest chapters during the few minutes of spare time one finds in the midst of a working editor's busy day. It has perhaps all the drawbacks of journalistic covers of a book—topicality at the expense of permanency, superficiality, sensationalism and even exaggeration, though never at the expense of truth. Some would call it yellow journalism, others may say it is cheap, popular writing. It is meant to be so since I want it to reach not merely the ruling classes, but specially the masses of India. Perhaps its main advantage is that the covers of the book are not too far apart!

However that may be, I shall be satisfied if it serves its main object of injecting into the hard-boiled hides of our pseudo-Mahatmas, Pandits and Sardars the capacity of looking at themselves not in the mirrors of flattery held up to them by their courtiers, but through the sarcastic and cynical eyes of the world outside of their own cloud-cuckoodom of self-complacency.

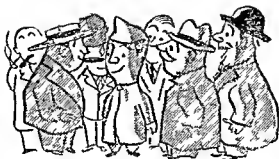
This is, of course, one side of the medal only. I do not deny there IS another and a brighter one upon which are engroved all our national and international achievements. Prime Minister Nehru, despite everything said against him in the pages that follow, is perhaps the most shining example of that other and brighter side. He is a creature of circumstances, a victim of bad company he keeps in the Congress. Only the latter are well known to the people who get them dinned into their ears day in and day out by presidents and governors, ministers and leaders, or part of the orgy of self-praise in which Congress stands unsurpassed. Hence I should be forgiven if I have presented in this book the gathering clouds of our frustrations bereft of their rather obvious and oft-professed silver lining of successes.

• BOMBAY, December 1, 1950

— R K KARANJIA



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No Offence, Baniaji!

The author wants to make it clear that reference to *banias*, *vaiparis* and *marwaris* in the following chapters should not be read as criticism of any community or nationality. The *bania* of our book is an international character, or class. There exist British *banias*, American *banias*, European *banias* and *banias* belonging to every capitalist society in the world, in addition to the Hindu, Muslim, Parsi, Jew and Christian *banias* of our own Bharat that was India. No reflection is, therefore, intended on an Indian community which has deserved the gratitude of the nation and the world by producing Mahatma Gandhi, a *bania* by caste, who became the greatest Indian of all time.



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So on the 15th of August, 1947, (astrologers hold very divided views in regard to the auspiciousness of the day) Congress Raj that is Bania Raj was ushered into Bharat that was India Congress which is the legal and properly constituted Managing Agency of the marwaris, vaiparis and banias became the reigning Government, or *Ram Rajya*. That was in the fitness of things. The marwaris, vaiparis and banias had paid the price for their freedom. Most of them had been to jail. Unlike convicts who go to prison after they commit crimes, Congress banias had voluntarily sought jail first so that, having snffered the punishment, they could in good conscience commit all the crimes under the sun thereafter. And now that the commodity called Freedom had been properly acquired by them, they were going to make it pay quick and easy dividends.

Not having been a ruling race before, the new Managing Agents of Bharat that was India naturally felt mighty proud of their achievement. They began wielding the *Raj Danda* like children playing at kings and emperors. They stood upon their heads and looked at life and the world through the vision of marwaris turned mahayogis. The wine of power intoxicated them to such an extent

that they had to enforce Prohibition by law merely in order to keep themselves sober.

They set themselves up as leaders not merely of Mahagujarat and not only of Mahahharat, but of Asia and the whole wide world as well. They brought about a miraculous merger of the Princely States by substituting village idiots for perverse princes and gave themselves the title of "Bismarks" of Bharat that was India.



"Marwaris turned Mahayogis"

They then marched their armies into Hyderabad so that the world may hail them the "Napoleons" of Asia as well. They even revolutionised Biology by evolving a "third sex" of "neutrality" in affairs national and international. They set up their own Department of External Affairs and Family Relations and spent crores in sending abroad missions and delegations and ambassadors to convert the world to the religion of Buddha and

When did you
last change your oil?



Gandhi, Birla and Goenka, Morarji and Munshi, the Cow and Nira—in other words, our forgotten culture and our prehistoric civilisation.

Having successfully transformed Congress into a herd of cows of all three sexes, they proceeded to reclaim tigers, lions and other wild animals to Congress by feeding them on milk



"Reclaiming wild animals to Congress."

and vegetables. And finally, in a frenzy of realisation, they began planting trees and raising whole forests in order to build a brave new world of jungles fit for Congressmen to live in.

The world watched them in sheer wonderment as they proceeded

merrily to pile miracles upon miracles twisting history, geography, biology, economy, tradition and convention out of shape and form. They called themselves by two names—*India* and *Bharat*. They sang two national anthems—*Jana Mana* and *Bande Mataram*. They adopted two different national languages—*Urdu* and *Hindi*. They flew the *Union Jack* side by side the *National Tricolour*. They remained in and out of the *Commonwealth* at the same time. Theirs was the only *Republic* in the world which wore the *British Imperial Crown* upon its head. And theirs was certainly the only language in the whole world in which a simple thing like the telephone assumed the fearful calling of "*diwanivayakayantra*."

The world, as I said, watched this Bania in Blunderland show of *Bharat* that was *India* in sheer wonderment. Sometimes it could not believe its own eyes . . . Sometimes it began to doubt its own ears . . .

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Bharat That was India



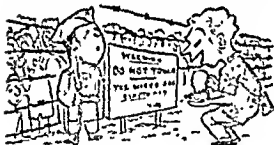
ALL THAT has been said hitherto may sound a very biased and exaggerated version to the Indian who hasn't been abroad within recent times or availed himself of opportunities of seeing his own country through other people's eyes. But that's how Bharat that was India, or India that is Bharat, whichever way you put it, looks to the average foreigner. And by the foreigner I don't mean the European or Westerner alone, but the Arian as well, perhaps more so.

partments—one for males, the other for females—with all intercourse, social or biological, regulated and severely rationed through permits issued by the Commissioner of Police. I found something to this effect had already been published in one of Egypt's leading papers under the headline.

"ISRAEL'S MOSES HAD TEN
"COMMANDMENTS ONLY. . . BUT
"INDIA'S MORARJI HAS FORTY
"OF THEM!"

ice) in it. Or you will hear them talking sarcastically of MORARGIN ... ICED WATER ... PROHIBITION ... THE COLOUR BAR WHERE NO BLAKIES MAY JOIN WHITE VISITORS TO A GLASS OF ... (till the High Court intervened recently, one wasn't even allowed to mention the name of the drink!!!)

Take foreign visitors to a picture and they see the "eternal triangle" warning them that our censors hold scissors that are sharper, bigger and madder than any permitted to inmates of lunatic asylums anywhere in the world. Or take them to a drive the Worli way, and they will see those harbed-wire cages set up by the Government for their political prisoners with huge plaques warning



"Political opponents of Congress"

people that not to touch the wires because they are electrified. Whether you tell them or not, they will find out that the thousands of in-

mates of these concentration camps all over Bharat that was India are the political opponents of the Congress—communists, socialists, intellectuals, writers and poets, trade

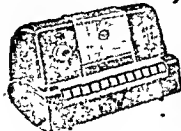


"Museum of relics"

unionists, students, even outraged Congressmen—arrested without warrant, jailed for months and sometimes years without trial, under lawless laws going in the name of "Emergency" Legislation or "Preventive" Detention. Or take them to our High Courts and, every day, almost every hour, they will witness the power-intoxicated Executive getting different doses of castor oil from the Judiciary

An incident that happened in my own office recently makes an excellent story. Some journalist friends of mine from Indonesia wanted to visit a local museum of historical and archaeological relics. So I requested Shankar, my sepoy, to take them round the Prince of Wales

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Museum. Now Shankar happens to be a tough little Maharashtrian who hasn't lost his sense of humour through over-indulgence in *nira* and 2 per cent *chas*. The devil took them round the Bombay Secretariat instead of the Museum. He showed them the living statue of Shri Morarji Desai sitting at his desk with his sandalwood walking-stick slung across his shoulder. He showed them the rest of the Ministers grouped round Morarji, all in a row, like so many wise old Ganpats. He showed them the Parliamentary Secretaries, all good and decent Congressmen, looking like images of Hanuman in white caps. The Indonesians came back thoroughly satisfied. They had found our museum very good and of great historical interest, they thanked me. It was only afterwards that I was made wise where the devil of my sepoy had taken the visitors.

But enough of Bombay—and remember Bomhay, all its faults notwithstanding, is still the showplace of Bharat. Let us now accompany one such foreign visitor abroad, as I had occasion to, twice since India became Bharat. We go to our "great international air terminus" (so we like to call it!) at Santa Cruz across a strip of road literally eaten up with manholes and deathtraps which we

have proudly named *Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru Road*" after our great Prime Minister.

On either side of the "*Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru Road*," the foreigner sees none of the trees or saplings we have pledged ourselves to plant, but instead rows of white figures squatting on the ground, with *lotas* by their side, giving unto nature what belongs thereto. Which recalls the story of a famous European



"Early morning meditation"

savant, a great authority on Indian culture, on his first visit to India, reported recently by Acharya Kripalani's weekly *Vigil* . . .

Sitting by the window early in the morning, as the train was speeding from Bomhay to Calcutta, the savant's wife noticed the distant landscape dotted with little white figures squatting on the earth. "Look", she cried to the husband, "how these Indians begin the day with open-air

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meditation, in tune with the Infinite! How devout and spiritual these Indians still are! Truly, this is the land of the Buddha!" The savant, no less excited, pulled out his binoculars and looked. Quietly he put the binoculars back in their case and met his wife's request to let her use them with the cryptic remark "Let not the glory revealed to the naked eye be marred by this vulgar scientific innovation"

The "Pandit Jowoharlal Nehru Road" is bad enough, but the aerodrome made of a tin bangar which literally burns in the summer and leaks like a huge shower-bath in the monsoon is—let me assure you—easily the worst in the whole world "So this is your famous aerodrome?" My foreign friend exclaimed with some shock in his voice. I could not deny an obvious fact, but I tried to explain to him that we had a huge crores-worth plan to rebuild Santa Cruz into one of the finest and biggest aerodromes in the world. His reply was stunning "My friend," he said, "I have heard of so many of your costly plans that I guess you can buy up the whole of the United States of America with the crores you have set by for the plans"

The principal amongst the improvised tin hangars used for international traffic bears the number "13," in figures large enough to strike a blind man in the eye

With the tragedy that happened to the KLM-plane, less than a mile away from this aerodrome, and certain features of the enquiry that followed, including that torn leaf from the log-book of the control tower, still fresh in his memory, the foreigner who is superstitious about



"Employ private astrologers" the number "13" might be forgiven if he complains of a cold feeling creeping down his spine. Surely a country that is so superstition-ridden that its presidents and ministers employ private astrologers and one at least of the states of which is run by a seer who has earned for himself the title of "Rasputin of the Punjab" might make some concessions to well known superstitions of other people.

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Dayabhais & Ghelabhais



UT LO AND BEHOLD!

What have we got right in front of us? In the queue of passengers walking up to the plane was some fantastic object in a heavy corduroy coat, complete with a posh shirt and a technicolour American necktie, the white cap on his head, an air-conditioned dhoty round his thighs and a pair of shoes with socks and garters down his legs. He was carrying his walking stick in one hand and his trousers neatly folded in the other. He explained to us that the heat had forced him to remove his pants—which had seemed to a Congressman the natural thing to do. He took out a card bearing the letters 'VIP' and assured us he was a very important person—which again seemed the natural thing for a Congressman to be. He told us he was flying on a semi-official delegation abroad which also was very natural: for all Congressmen now-a-days fly on official and semi-official delegations abroad. In fact, the national slogan is "join the Government and see the world!"

But what really puzzled us about our friend—shall we call him Dayabhais Ghelabhais?—was something like a hook sticking out of the collar from the back of his neck. We thought the poor man must be suffering from spinal trouble and this was some prop

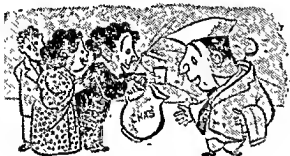
or gadget to hold his back up straight. Imagine our astonishment, therefore, when later we saw him remove the coat and hang it up by the hook which turned out to be a hanger Ghelabhais had been wearing all along! Apparently this was the first European suit he had ever worn. It came to him from the tailors upon a hanger, so he put it on—banger and all! Jai Hind!—sorry, Jai Bharat!



"He'd call out to the hostess for a lota"

Nor was that the end of Dayabhais' misadventures. Every time he'd go into the cloakroom he'd call out to the hostess for a lota; and every time he'd been in, the cloakroom was no man's land for the rest of the passengers. Finally, on the night of the journey, we saw Dayabhais Ghelabhais being led out of the cloakroom after a hell of a lot of tumult and shouting within, holding his back in his hands like a man stricken with lumbago. He was in a typhoon of a bad mood. He said he was going to complain to his government about the

incompetence of Tatas to run an international air service. He complained that the seat of the commode had been fixed so high that he had to jump into it, with the result that his rear got stuck in the seat and he had to summon the entire crew of the plane to pull him out. We thought all this rather strange, but it turned out to be true. You see, Ghelabhai had been sitting where he shouldn't be sitting really. No wonder he got himself stuck!



Embassy . . . with a jugful of Chas'

And he was a very important delegate of ours to a very important international conference. He was so very important that when the plane landed in Cairo, the Indian Embassy was there waiting for him with a jugful of chas. For Government had cabled instructions to them from Delhi to wait for Ghelabhai at two o'clock in the morning with a jugful of chas.

I found out there was nothing extraordinary about this. It is quite frequently that our Embassy is called to duty at that unearthly hour to provide amenities to Congress VIPs on tramps abroad, ranging from chas to shirts and sleeping suits to underpants.

There are scores of Dayabhais and Ghelabhais roaming the big wide world today on delegations and missions paid for by the Indian taxpayer, making laughing-stocks of us abroad, misusing their diplomatic immunity, racketeering away like fun, blackmarketing on everything available—all in the name of Gandhiji: and our ambassadors who are well aware of their escapades dare not report them to the Government at home for fear of reprisals because they belong to the Ruling Party.

Let me quote you an example. A very distinguished Congress personality has been foraging abroad frequently of late. He usually goes out accompanied by some of the country's choicest blackmarketeers. Last time the party was in Amsterdam, I hear their first question to our Embassy on stepping out of the plane was about the price of diamonds. And the same question was repeated everywhere they went: it was diamonds

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in Amsterdam, gold in Cairo, currency in Geneva, automobiles in Detroit—can it be that some tall Congress poppy was abusing his position to run an international racket? That was the question somebody very important asked of me and I must admit I could not give him answer.

Our embassies in places famous or infamous for their nocturnal life, like Paris or Cairo, get frequent intimations from celebrities who are supposed to be coming there to study this, that and the other aspect of progressive activity or to visit some famous institutions. A programme is therefore, laid on for them. When they arrive at the capital however they are either too tired or too ill to go through the whole of that programme. They usually do a couple of items—always accompanied by the Embassy cameramen, of course!—and then return to their hotels to prepare themselves for "a taste of night life." That is where their real mission abroad begins—and ends.

People straight jacketed at home oscillating between the tyranny of their wives and the terror of the moral mentors of their Party—really run amuck once they step out into the naughty cities of the west after dark. There is no joint too low for them. There is no show too shabby

for them. And yet, being Congressmen, they will seek to cover such escapades under a cloak of moral hypocrisy.

The burgomaster of a great western capital told me of how he had ordered some rare and choice wine to be brought down a monastery some 200 miles away in honour of an distinguished Indian visitor. He was shocked when his guest refused the glass because drinking the latter



A taste of night life

excused himself, was, prohibited to Indians by their great Mahatma. Another and a ruder shock awaited the burgomaster the next morning when he was very reliably informed that his distinguished guest was discovered drinking away like fun at a night club in somewhat questionable company. Need we wonder why foreigners have given us up as a nation of hopeless humbugs and helpless hypocrites?

Abre Bhai, Shu karn che?



LEADER AMONG TOOTH BRUSHES



Our Tramps abroad



THESE ARE THE PEOPLE who give our country a bad name abroad

Go to any hotel, boarding house or institution where our tramps abroad have set foot, and you will hear complaints galore about their misbehaviour. The hall-porter of London's most luxurious hotel told me of how one of our delegates excused himself from giving him the usual "tip"—and that too after getting all types of favours out of him—with the humiliating plea that his was a very poor country and, therefore, unable to provide such extras to its delegates abroad! The head of another nation was tremendously tickled, to my personal knowledge, by the antics at the state banquet of our representative who used his fingers to cut a piece of chicken and his fork and knife to scratch his back under an unusually stiff collar.

It seems that when somebody questioned the worthy Mayor of India's First City in regard to his failure to wear an Indian costume on the occasion of his visit to the Pope, the dignitary answered back, "You know the saying that in Rome do as the Rumanians do!" This story may be apocryphal, but it certainly makes good comment on the "bricks" we insist on dropping abroad. Even more apocryphal is the story of how His Holiness dis-

covered his famous Papal ring missing from his finger after an Indian dignitary had knelt before him and kissed the holy hand, but I found many of our Indian Embassies entertaining themselves to the joke. Rather a poor reflection this on Indian ethics as they stand in the estimation of the world!

This is only one side of the picture, of course—but unfortunately it happens to be the Congress side. And Congress holds the monopoly on running the business of India both at home and abroad. So the other side of Indian character rarely reveals



"Scratching his back with the fork"

itself to the foreigner. The same 40 and odd passengers of the Air India International plane who were laughing at the ludicrous antics of our friend Dayabhai Ghelabhai were struck with admiration at the nobility, dignity, sociability and genuine democracy of a high ranking lady passenger, the Maharani Jam Saheb of Navanagar, who, finding the hostess somewhat overworked volunteered to give her a helping hand to the extent of serving meals to the passengers.

There are countless other exceptions too—but all unfortunately outside of the Ruling Party. Indian leaders honoured and feted abroad today are not members of our "Royal Family" or the Congress Party who happen to be our official spokesmen, but leaders of the type of the Ramaswami Mudaliars, the Mirza Ismails, and the Ramaswami Iyers, of the old and discredited liberal school; and the Cariappas, Cbaudharis and Thumayyas of the Indian fighting forces.

There are other Indians respected and honoured outside of their own country—intellectuals like Dr. Mukrajan Anand, poets like Sardar Jafri and authors like Krishen Chander, brilliant young men who would make ideal cultural ambassadors of Free India abroad—but the obstruction, believe it or not, comes from our own Government which denies foreign countries the privilege knowing them by confiscating their passports and putting all types of restrictions upon their movements—simply because they belong to the opposition!

Our Ambassadors wonder why the foreign press gives more publicity to visiting princes than the official delegates. The answer is simple. The prince is a good sportsman, an

excellent conversationalist, an efficient host and a complete social being, whatever be his past misdemeanours. Probably one more successful delegate to the United Nations Organisation at Lake Success has been the Rajpramukh of Saurashtra—a fact that has been acknowledged by the Government of India themselves. The prince and the aristocrat somehow have that quality within them that makes a good Ambassador. I asked a group of foreign intellec-



"Visiting princes"

tuals in Brussels what would make the best "salesmanship" for India abroad. A good polo team—was their unanimous reply. There were people in Cairo, Paris and London who seemed more interested in the present handicaps of the Maharaja of Jaipur and my late friend Prince Prithvi Singh of Boria than in the high politics of Sardar Patel and Pandit Nehru.

A world that does not seem to care twopence about our crores-worth plans of national reconstruction,

DRINK DELICIOUS

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FOR HEALTH

etcetera, etcetera, expressed unusual interest in the scheme of national stadia for the capital cities of India. A British journal went out of its way to pay tribute to Mr. Anthony de Mello as "one among the few Indians who get things done in a country where men dream dreams and plan plans—on paper."

But why go outside of the existing frame? Take the London Missions of India and Pakistan respectively. Krishna Menon, our High Commissioner in UK, is an intellectual giant by any standard. Pakistan's representative, Habib Rahimtoola, cannot claim any record outside of sportsmanship, sociability and a socially efficient wife. And yet Habib has scored points where Krishna flopped. The British King has been the guest of Pakistan House once or perhaps twice, even of the Ceylon House once; but no such honour has hitherto being granted to India House. Why? We don't want to be snobs, but it is by these standards that the international prestige of a nation is usually measured. Let us hope that the moral of this will not

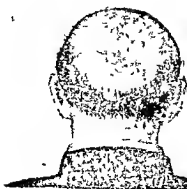
be lost upon those who select our missions and delegations abroad.

And as if our human exports abroad weren't bad enough, the goods our banias, marwaris and vaiparis are exporting abroad have begun to stink like rotten potatoes in the world markets. I can quote a dozen cases offhand where our ambassadors



"Stink like rotten potatoes"

have had to hang their heads down in shame when foreign importers came to them and threw at their faces our export swindles. But here again nobody dares to send such complaints back home; even when some complaints manage to tickle through, nobody cares to take action; and if somebody does, God help him! For the bania, marwari and vaipari is the real ruler of Congress India.



as others see you!

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Impropaganda

ALL WHICH MAKES poor propaganda for Bharat that was India abroad. The other propaganda we do at an official, governmental level helps only to make the situation worse. Some of our Indian newsreels for example are regularly shown at foreign theatres mainly because of the old glamour and colour old India was famous for, which have now been deglamourised and discoloured by a glamourless and colourless new order of men and things symbolised by the monotonous white cap shirt and dhoti or pyjamas.

A foreigner well known for his Indian orientation and sympathies saw one newsreel about India in Paris. He told me it showed our Parliament in session with Sardar Patel reclining in a princely siesta straight across the Government benches and stretching his bare feet right in the face of the members. A lady seated by his side wanted to know if that was how Indians set in their assemblies. Before he could answer her however, came another close-up of the Deputy Prime Minister. This time he had crossed one leg over another and was shown nonchalantly twiddling his big toe. The couple had almost expected to see this followed up by a close-up of the Big Toe itself. But they were disappointed. Now this happens to be one of our Indian pictures sent out so that

foreigners may learn to respect and admire us. Could we not have cut the bare feet the Big Toe out for the sake of decency and self respect—even if they belonged to the 'Bis mark' of Bharat that was India?

These and other similar pictures are doing us no good abroad. They show our Congress leaders and ministers as rather naive upstarts and cheap publicity hunters—which most of them really are. And what is worst, they show our people as barbarians always indulging in some



'Sardar's Big Toe'

noisy, messy, barbarous religious festival or other. With all honour and respect due to our religious festivals too much emphasis given to them at the expense of other secular, cultural and progressive activities of the Indian masses tend to show them to the world as religious fanatics rather than citizens of a modern progressive and secular state. By all means let us have these type of films at home if there still exist people who want to see them but the sooner such tripe is prevented from going abroad the better it will be for all of us.

You may well ask: But what are our Embassies doing? How are our numerous Delegations faring? Aren't they making good propaganda for us abroad? Do they or do they not justify the crores we are wasting upon them annually?

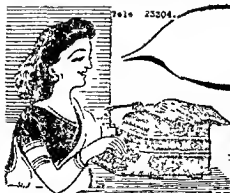
My answer is that most of our embassies are trying to do their best by their country abroad, although some of them have gone the usual *Bharati* way and a few permitted themselves to be turned into *dhobi-giatis* for the washing of dirty Indian luncn abroad. The Embassy presently led by Madame Vijayalaxmi Pandit in Washington has been encoring with gusto the failures and frustrations of Madame's mission in Moscow: but Her Excellency being an exalted member of the Royal Family of India, it ill behoves us to detail the misadventures of our Soviet and American Embassies which, in any case, are well known to readers. While Madame Pandit's Embassies have taken a line of independence and originahty all of their own, most our minor missions abroad function like sub-divisions of the British and American Embassies. The story goes that one of our ambassadors called to present his credentials to the head of a state rehearsed the entire ceremony before a British Consul's wife on the previous evening.

As at home so abroad too, our diplomats are dominated by our newly-found Anglo-American monitors and disprove our bombast about "neutrality" by taking their cue on all issues of policy from these masters. There are exceptions, of course—chiefly Sardar Pannikar in Peking and High Commissioner Krisbna Menon in London—whose missions can claim to be neutral in the real sense of the word. Our Swiss Embassy under Mr. Dhirubhai Desai works as a per-



"Rehearsing the ceremony

fect, efficient and really independent team, thanks chiefly to the Ambassador's choice of an excellent supporting cast of men and women who have seen something of the world and its ways with Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose. They are the exceptions that prove the rule of our subservience to Anglo-American influences, however. The fact of the matter is that whatever be Prime Minister Nehru's foreign policy, it is Secretary-General Sir Girja Shankar Bajpai of his



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External Affairs Ministry who controls its implementation through his elaborate network of ICS diplomats. And Bajpai is said to be more Anglo-American in his orientation than the King of England and the President of America put together !

One among the several examples brought to my notice of how possibilities for propaganda abroad have been criminally wasted concerns none other than Shaikh Abdullah, Prime Minister of Jammu and Kashmir and one of the most controversial personalities of Bharat that was India. The Kashmir issue has always been a thorn in the side of our Missions in Egypt and other Moslem countries. Perverted by Pakistan propaganda against the Union, it needs a great deal more than Gandhian precept and Congress practice to enable the Moslem world to appreciate our policy vis-a-vis Kashmir. That grand opportunity knocked at our doors last year, when Sher-e-Kashmir Shaikh Abdullah, back from his visit to Lake Success, passed through Cairo en route to India. Mr A. A. A. Fyzee, our enterprising Ambassador in Egypt, wanted to exploit this opportunity to its fullest to "sell" Abdullah's Kashmir to the

Egyptian and Middle East Press—and very rightly too. A grand reception was, therefore, organised, and it must be said to the credit of the Egyptians that the whole of Cairo responded with gusto. Here was a great, albeit controversial, Moslem leader, probably the biggest revolutionary personality of the whole Moslem world about to make his personal appearance in order to give the lie to the best team of propagandists available to Pakistan who had spared no effort



Shaikh Abdullah quarantined to distort the whole Kashmir issue and blackguard India to the Egyptians. And Egypt was willing to listen to reason and argument. All was set for one of our greatest propaganda scoops abroad when, for some mysterious reason, Shaikh Abdullah was quarantined at the Cairo airport and not permitted to visit the capital in order to attend the various press conferences, broad-

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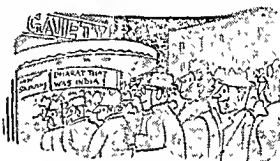
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Brahmou Station, Chatterjee Bunder

casts and receptions arranged in his honour by the Egyptians. He could not even meet the Egyptian press at the airport. Nobody knows how and why this happened; but I learn that the "Iron Curtain" was dropped round Shaikh Abdullah at the instance of the Government of India, and not Egypt. In fact, Egypt has felt rather insulted at the whole mess and reached the inevitable conclusion that Shaikh Abdullah wasn't allowed to mix freely amongst them because the Government of India could not trust this great Moslem leader among his own Islamic brethren. The leader of the Arab League put the issue to me plainly when he asked of me: *What was your Government afraid of? Why did they not allow us to meet Shaikh Abdullah?*

The plain truth is that, with all our tall talk about our neutrality and independence, we are no more independent of Britain and the new American imperialism today than we were before 1947. It is Pandit Mountbattenji ki Jai all over, with increasing doses of President Trumanji ki Jai being poured in! Why then should we waste hundreds of crores of our taxpayers' money on maintaining costly embassies abroad, when the existing British and Commonwealth missions can do the

routine work a damned sight better and cheaper for us? That is what Pakistan is doing with excellent results. But, of course, such a course would not become the pride and prestige of Bharat that was India and its Royal Family. So we go and lease, of all fantastic places, the Gaiety Theatre in London, probably to stage the international tragi-comedy that is Bharat...



"International tragi-comedy"

In any case, our embassies can do little abroad when neither our foreign policy nor our internal situation justify either the goodwill, or the respect, or the honour of the world outside—of which more hereafter. They are further handicapped by financial tahoos and moral fads peculiar to Bharat that was India. While a couple of favoured missions abroad claim Rolls Royces and Cadillacs by the dozen, the rest of them are financially and almost physically starved of such amenities. I have personally seen the First Secretary

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of our embassy in Paris—which by the way enjoys a high social status among the diplomatic corps, thanks mainly to the personality of Sardar Malik, who happens to be one of the world's finest golfers, and his charming lady—travelling by the autobus and the underground, because the few embassy cars available had been reserved for Congress VIPs the usual tramps abroad, lost between picnics to Versailles and nightouts to the Folies Bergere and Place Pigalle. Our press attaches vital propaganda salesmen in any foreign mission, cannot afford to entertain editors and publicists to an occasional luncheon—because their country won't allow them such imperative extras for entertainment. Penny wise and pound foolish, in deed. We've wasted crores upon organising an unnecessarily extensive network of missions abroad only to render them impotent of any constructive activity by starving them of absolutely necessary items of expenditure.

Moral taboos like Prohibition further handicap such of our foreign missions, like the Indian High Commissioner's Office in London which observe these stupidities religiously. Somehow drinks and diplomacy not merely alliterate, they are synonyms

for all practical purposes in the matter of foreign relations. One simply has to do the business of diplomacy, salesmanship and propaganda for one's country abroad over a glass of something a good deal stronger than *chaas* or *nira*. Our ambassadorial functions and diplomatic parties invariably flop because of the idiotic taboo on the serving of liquor. Nobody wants to attend them. All types of excuses are invented to avoid



Dry diplomacy

entertainments at Indian embassies. Our annual Independence-Day celebrations abroad are the driest, coldest and, therefore, briefest and thinnest of receptions known to the diplomatic corps of any foreign capital. Some of our missions have given up inviting foreigners to such functions, rather than showing themselves up to their guests as moral cranks.

Wine producing nations like France, Italy and Belgium are naturally taking it as an insult to their culture and

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civilisation that Indian embassies should flaunt prohibition at official and national functions on their soil. It is a very subtle way of telling nations of the world outside of God's chosen paradise of Bharat that was India, that they are composed of immoral wine-bibbers and drunkards forever lost to the devil. Can we not realise that foreign statesmen, publicists and citizens feel insulted by our propagating prohibition



"Prohibition of pan-chewing?"

publicly in their midst? What would be our reaction if some embassy at Delhi and Bombay were foolish enough to preach, practise and publicise the prohibition of pan-chewing?

The Prime Minister himself was told something to this effect quite bluntly by British pressmen at a customary "dry" luncheon given in his honour at India House, in London. Nehru responded by ordering High

Commissioner Menon to produce the best available wine forthwith; and I'm told the "dry" affair ended with all the good humour and sociability the West associates with Bacchus.

Many of our ambassadors and diplomats try to make amends for official functions which are decreed to be dry by entertaining their guests to private parties where barrels of Champagne and Scotch are consumed with great gusto by all and sundry, guests as well as hosts. Our Government winks at these parties though, of course, it pays for them! In the same alcoholic breath, we assure the world that we are insisting upon prohibition because Mahatma Gandhi bade us so! The humour of such prize paradox is evidently lost upon the dunderheads responsible for creating this and a hundred other dilemmas for our missions abroad. We can well imagine the foreigners' reaction when they see Indian diplomats joining them to drinks as guests at their diplomatic functions and, at the same time, refusing to serve drinks to their own guests in the name of their Mahatma at their own official functions.

If this isn't hypocrisy, WHAT is?

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The Mahatma We murdered

MAHATMA GANDHI was the finest "salesman" of India to the world abroad. He put India upon the map of the world. To the world, India was simply the land of Gandhi. Many people even paid us the compliment of talking of India as a land of Gandhis. When I was touring Europe in 1947, whilst yet the Mahatma was living, I had the unique experience of being hailed by the name of "Gandhi" by people of almost every country I visited. "Oh, you come from India," even children would exclaim, "then you are Gandhi!" And, somehow, to the untutored instinct of the common people of the world, particularly children, the name of Gandhi had become synonymous for everything that was good, simple, clean, kindly and noble.

When news of Gandhi's murder rocked the world, these people were shocked, outraged, confounded. But their faith in the country and the people of the Master remained unshaken. They saw in the assassination something like the repetition of grand passion play and Jesus Christ and India assumed in their believing eyes the stature of a hollowed ground where another Jesus had enacted a second crucifixion. They expected another tremendous, creative, regen-

erating force, like Buddhism or Christianity, to be released from the martyrdom of Gandhi. Many amongst them almost looked forward to a resurrection of the Mahatma.

However that may be, there is no doubt about the fact that from the land of the Mahatma and its people, particularly Gandhi's disciples in the Congress, the world expected nothing short of a miracle. This was the first



"Second Crucifixion"

time in history that the disciples of a prophet were the absolute rulers of a sub-continent of some four hundred million humanity. People all over the world expected of Nehru, Patel and Congress a new religion, a new philosophy, a new faith built of strong and untarnished idealism, a new Century of Gandhi. They expected Gandhiji's India to be the light, glory and precept unto Asia as in the old Buddhist era. Having been abroad in the days following Gandhiji's assassination, I can testify as an eye-witness to all this colossal resurgence of faith in India.

While the common people expected some miracle of resurrection, Gandhiji's large and extensive intellectual following abroad then looked forward to the Congress translating the Mahatma's precepts into practice in a more material and mundane manner by giving Gandhism a positive shape and weaving it into the texture of the people's life and work. They had expected Congressmen, inspired by the Master, to recapture in India the spirit of the Renaissance and the great French and Russian revolutions and play their role in rebuilding this no minor portion of the globe after the pattern of Gandhism.

They were certain that the India of Nehru and Patel would lose no time in evolving a Gandhian Constitution, a Gandhian Government a Gandhian democracy and a Gandhian way of life based upon laws, economics, ethics, sociology, art, religion and philosophy deriving from the teachings of the Master, and probably discovering some golden, Gandhian mean between the excesses of Capitalism on one hand and Marxism on the other.

The world believed in India and continued for a long time to believe

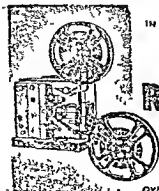
in India with some blind, unshakable faith. A full year passed by; and then another year; and then a third. During that period, the Mahatma's followers abroad, who were watching developments in India with increasing doubt, frustration and disillusionment, found Gandhiji's own disciples turning Judases to everything he held sacred and murdering him brutally in the spirit. To their discriminating



"Godse . . . the lesser criminal"

eyes, Godse began to appear the lesser criminal by comparison with the dishonest, hypocritical, humbugging Congressmen who worshipped the Mahatma in word while breaking faith with him in the spirit.

The world outside shuddered when news filtered through that Congress Ministers of the Bombay Government attended a wedding celebration at the house of one of their colleagues within three days of the Master's martyrdom. But it took



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them a very long time to understand the full implications of the ghastly betrayal. It was only when stories reached them of the misdeeds of Congress in power, perversions of Gandhism by his nearest and dearest disciples and violations of his commandments concerning righteousness, truth and non-violence by those who misgovern the nation he made free in his sacred name, that they woke to the stark reality of the shattered idol of their dreams. Their great expectations were slowly but violently twisted into a horrible revulsion which, I am afraid, has lost India and its leadership the goodwill and blessings of the world for a whole century.

These are cruel words; but I have to use them in order to convey to my countrymen the harsh sentiments of our erstwhile friends abroad, old allies in our fight for freedom, who now accuse us, of breaking faith with Gandhiji and Gandhism. One among Gandhiji's biographers, an outstanding western writer and intellectual, almost jabbed into my ears his protest against this wholesale desecration of Gandhi by evoking repulsive parallel which staggered me at that time. He recalled the story Lin Yu-Tang tells in his famous *A Leaf in a Storm* of how Japanese soldiery staged the rape of Nanking. After

perpetrating every conceivable atrocity on the populace, Lin Yu-Tang relates how Jap officers lined up Chinese prisoners-of-war on a public highway only to strip themselves in full view of the victims and indulges in an orgy of self-abuse.

"If we are to believe reports from India," said Gandhiji's biographer sadly, "we fear something like this is happening in your country."



"The shattered idol"

I protested. I sincerely considered this the limit of ribaldry at the expense of Congressmen who were, after all, my own countrymen. Since I returned home, however, circumstances have forced me to change my opinion. And today, I have to confess with sorrow in my heart, the eminent biographer's description fits Congress like their own white cap. For what other, what worse thing can the world say of an organisation—Gandhi's own Congress—that decreed recently that the Mahatma's birthday should be celebrated with a



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"Every time you introduce Gandhi into an argument you may rest assured you've lost it," an eminent personality connected with the UNO warned me. This was with reference to the habit of our delegates to evoke Gandhi's name to justify—of all things—our war in Kashmir! "There are some people who have unfortunately begun to doubt the sincerity of your faith in Gandhi"; he continued, "they even charge that you have



"Removing his symbol"

developed a strategy all of your own to use Gandhi's name as an alibi where you run out of argument or have no case to present."

And that was the mildest reprimand I had to accept in this matter. Others—particularly those who bear no love for India, man of the brand of Churchill and his Tories—are unsparing in their criticism of this fetish of ours. And they know a lot more about the subject than is good for us. They know how we repu-

diated the Mahatma even while we were harvesting the freedom he won for us by removing the symbol of the fight, his pet charka, from the flag of Free India. They know that Gandhi was so injured by this effront that he refused for a long time to honour the new flag. They know all about the un-Gandhian men who used the Mahatma as a convenient weapon in their pursuit of pelf and power only to relegate him to the WPB, towards the end of his life, when they discovered his integrity and patriotism to be somewhat inconvenient commodities in the way of their new order of grab, greed and graft. They know that if today Pandit Nehru, the only Congress leader who can be called a true follower of Gandhi, is being assailed as "the only nationalist Muslim in India," the common definition of Hinduism before Gandhi's death used to be "India without Gandhi."

They know that the so-called Gandhian Constitution of free India is really a most un-Gandhian insult to the Mahatma to whose memory it is dedicated—a soulless, lifeless, scissor-and-paste, hotch-potch of Western Constitutions, the work of a band of lawyers under the leadership of Dr. Bhumu Rao Ambedkar, the only man besides Jinnah who challenged and fought Gandhi all through his career and earned the title of

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Sworn to non-violence

old jail, police and military statistics of our Gandhian Government, sworn to non-violence, show a veritable orgy of lawless repression, illegal detention and shooting and killing of opponents of the Government, peaceful demonstrators, workers and peasants, even students, unparalleled even in the regimes of the "Satanic" British or the "Feudal" Moghuls.

People who had truly hailed Gandhiji as the moral Umpire of our Age find in the lack of Gandhian

lustre in the public conscience and official integrity of free India a complete negation of the Mahatma's own sense of avenging justice. The world has read and heard enough to conclude that there is not a single provincial or central ministry or government department in Bharat that was India untarnished by some or the other public indictment. The shabby handling and final whitewashing of charges of nepotism and corruption against the Congress Governments of Madras, Bengal, Bihar, the Punjab—in fact, almost every state of India—by men of the integrity of Nehru, Patel and Rajendra Prasad, Gandhi's chief disciples, constitutes in the eyes of the world a compounding of felony at its worst.

Foreigners ridicule the effort of maulin moral mentors of the type of Morari Desai to fill the ideological vacuum created by the absence of Mahatma Gandhi from the Indian scene by imposing the morality of prohibition and the chastity-girdle upon a suffering people, whilst the almost Himalayan moral lapses of Congress governments, ministers and leaders are winked at.

They laugh at the President of the Republic who thunders against minor foibles like sex in films and even an innocent social intercourse between

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the two sexes, when a Congress leader who is standing his trial for the crime of seducing a married refugee girl is elected to a Provincial Congress High Command at the instance of the Chief Minister of his State. They find it incongruous, to say the least, that a party which blabs in and out of season about the raising of public morals to Gandhian standards permits such moral lapses amongst its own leaders. To the world all this is a case of the Devil quoting Gandhi and rebuking Sin.



"Devil quoting Gandhi"


And when they hear charges made by public men and newspapers of blackmail, corruption, defalcations and wholesale embezzlements in relation to the huge moneys collected in the name of Gandhi himself in order to perpetuate the memory of the Mahatma—charges which not even Prime Minister Nehru has thought fit to answer—they give up India as a land forever lost to Satan.

A group of American journalists recently worked out statistics of individuals, groups and organisations in India who evoked or quoted Gandhiji most frequently and profusely. Their conclusion, in the context of their research, was that the Mahatma must have been the friend and patron saint of every capitalist, blackmarketeer, profiteer, crank and despot in the land, and the enemy of the poor, innocent, exploited and oppressed humanity whom he sought to serve in life and in death.

A curious fact which emerged from this enquiry was that the Mashruwala-Wardha group of Gandhites, who run the Harijan after the letter and the spirit of the Mahatma, were the only people who refrained from parading the name of the Master as if he were some exhibit at a circus. Those who challenge the veracity of their findings will find their retort in recent confessions by leaders of the integrity of Nehru and Mashruwala about this wholesale vandalism and desecration of Gandhiji by those who call themselves his disciples and use his beloved name, like the cap which he crowned the nation with, as a shelter against public criticism and a cover for their crimes and commission and omission.

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All which bode no good to the country. We have enemies galore in the camp of world reaction. Our so called "neutrality" has, if anything, added to the list of our critics both in the Anglo-American and Russian-Chinese blocs. Our ill-wishers in Pakistan and the Portuguese and French "possessions" in India are exploiting every weapon of propaganda against us to blackguard the Indian Government in international opinion. They are finding in our betrayal of the Master and his Evangel a veritable "atom-bomb" to strike us down with. It is high time we cease playing into their hands by quoting Gandhi in and out of season.

"We are afraid people here regard you as children playing with the toy of freedom," an eminent British editor warned me, "and we shall accept your adulthood only when we find you standing on your own feet and silencing all this babble about Gandhi, Buddha and your great and glorious past."

I could not agree more. I welcome indications that men like Nehru are also beginning to see this point of view. The best way to serve Gandhiji's memory for India would perhaps be a ten-year ban on the use or misuse (both mean the same thing today) of the name of the Master.



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Twilight of Nehru

SECOND only to Congress betrayal of Gandhiji, a vital issue responsible for losing India the goodwill, friendship and support of the world outside is the failure of Nehru. His friends abroad who hailed Jawaharlal as the "Lenin of Asia" only yesterday, talk of him rather bitterly today as the "Hamlet of India."

Soon after India became independent, in August 1947, I set out on a world tour to discover for myself how our stock stood abroad. I was treated to a full red carpet on both sides of the so-called "iron curtain," mainly because I carried with me personal recommendations from Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, first Prime Minister of Free India, who was regarded at that time as something of a saviour and hero. I returned home with glowing and very gratifying reports of the world boom in the stock of Nehru and Congress, the revolutionary organisation of a mighty people emerging out of the chains of imperial slavery to assume their role of destiny.

Back in 1947 the world expected much, very much—probably too much—of Nehru's India. And can we

blame them for their great expectations? Nehru's writings alone had encouraged world-wide hope in the dawn of a new Indian and Asian renaissance as soon as the India of Nehru's dream was free to take over the leadership of Asia.

Socialists, progressives, anti-imperialists and intellectuals all over the world, Nehru's erstwhile comrades-in-arms in many a battle against the forces of reaction, then looked for-



"Nehutrality."

ward to Free India losing no time in putting her house in order, mobilising all her resources and manpower, making herself economically solvent and, having secured her own internal security and strength, reuniting Asia into closer economic and cultural bonds and acting as the sword-arm of the Asian-African struggle against imperialism, colonialism and racialism, and as an effective "third force"

on the side of peace in the "cold war" raging between the West and the East.

These grand expectations entertained by the world, I found during my second tour of the Middle-East and Europe from which I returned recently, have been shattered to pieces by the confusions, contradictions, indecisions and "Nehru-trality" of the foreign and internal policies of the Nehru Government.

The stock of India abroad probably never experienced such a slump even in the days of our slavery. If I was received well abroad, it was because I belonged to the opposition; and the world, which would appear to have lost its old faith in Nehru, nevertheless appreciates the fact that a continent of three hundred million people is bound to come into its own and exercise its influence as a world force, Congress or no Congress.

The success or failure of the foreign policy of any country depends ultimately upon its internal strength or weakness. I shall deal with this—the more vital—aspect of the question later and restrain myself for the present, to an evaluation of our foreign policy as the world sees it.

FIRST OF ALL, WHAT IS OUR FOREIGN POLICY?

That was the question shot at me from all sides by Presidents and ministers, editors and publishers, radio commentators and plain ordinary folks interested in our country who wanted me to un-confuse them regarding the confusions of our foreign policy, or policies.

For, strange as it may read, we seem to follow more than one foreign policy within our Ministry of Exter-



"More than one."

nal Affairs itself, not to mention the conglomeration of contradictions that is the Government of India today. :

The Prime Minister who is also the Foreign Minister, of course, used to worship his own pet Divinity of "Neutrality" and pay vocal tributes of the faithful disciple to his goddess on all possible and impossible occa-

"AS INDIA"

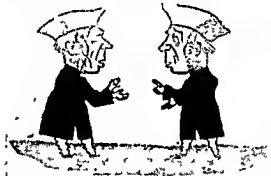
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tions—that is, until the first shot of the Korea war debunked this “neutrality” to be no hollow a fetish as our “Gandhism” and we had to find another equally fatuous name in “non-alignment”! The Prime Minister’s chief lieutenant, Sir Girjashankar Bajpai, on the other hand, appears to take his own line on internal affairs, which is fundamentally as contrary to Nehru’s as Vyshinsky’s is to Acheson’s. Then comes Madame Vijayalaxmi Pandit shooting a foreign policy line all her own, according to Her Excellency’s mood, temperament and environment



“Symbol of self-contradiction”

at any particular moment. Our Washington Ambassador’s foreign policy would probably find its exact polar opposite in our Peking Ambassador’s foreign policy, whereas the foreign policy of our High Commissioner in London and our Permanent Representative at Lake Success oscillates between the two poles.

Finally, we have our missions abroad with varying and, often-times contradictory approaches to the foreign situation, dictated by the personality, individuality, allegiances, likes and dislikes of our Ambassadors.

Confusion is so confounded by this plethora of policy statements that, during one particular fortnight alone, I had occasion to read:

... Pandit Nehru confirm his “neutrality” between the Russian and Anglo-American ‘blocs’ and reaffirm his pledge to keep India out of the present “cold war” and any future “shooting war” that might happen;

... Sir Girjashankar Bajpai, Secretary General of the External Affairs Department, give a broad hint to the “New York Times” that should war come, India would fight with the Anglo-Americans against the Russians with whom we had no sympathy anyway:—that is, goodbye to “neutrality” and all that;

... Madame Vijayalaxmi Pandit condemn Communism outright as “the death-knell of everything we fought for,” add that “what I have seen of that ideology in practice (obvious reference to the USSR) has not given me any faith in Communism as a system,” and insinuate that



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It was only "an antiquated system" and "corruption at the top" that had helped Communism in China—all which constitutes an insult to Soviet Russia and the new Republic of China and the negation of the "neutrality" of her brother's Government.

... Sardar K. M. Panikkar, our Ambassador to New China, make a series of statements in glory and praise of Mao's Communist regime, which invites upon his head the customary American label of a "fellow-traveller."

... High Commissioner V. K. Krishna Menon, on his side, pile argument upon argument in favour of Nehru's stand on complete neutrality between Communism and Capitalism, Russia and America, East and West, the present "cold war" and the forthcoming "shooting war."

Comment is superfluous. What is, however, not realised at home and what, I am afraid, our missions abroad find it difficult to bring home to the Prime Minister, is that such contradictions are not only injurious to our dignity and prestige abroad, but are also forcing the world to doubt our honesty and bona fides.

We in India have lately tended to become somewhat cynical about such

things. A nation which permits itself to be called by two different names, honours two different national anthems and now, with the return of Rajaji to Delhi, can virtually claim two Presidents, cannot bother overmuch about such contradictions as being in and out of the Commonwealth, owning allegiance to the British Crown and claiming an independent foreign policy and flying the Union Jack together with the



"Union Jack with the National Tricolour"

national Tricolour—all at the same time; but we must not be surprised if foreign nations, their peoples and leaders take a shockingly scandalous view of these and numerous similar paradoxes of free India.

These contradictory personalities apart, Nehru himself has become to the world a symbol of self-contradiction. Last year, it is well known, the Prime Minister received invitations from Washington as well as Moscow

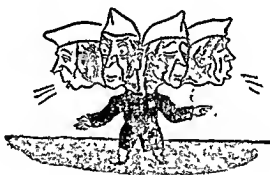
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to visit the two countries. He showed his preference for the United States by accepting President Truman's invitation, only to make in America a number of statements which might more suitably have been uttered at the Red Square in Moscow before Soviet audiences. The result was that he lost the goodwill of America without gaining its equivalent from Russia. Official visits like these are always made for the purpose of cashing the goodwill accruing from them in terms of economic assistance, financial help or some or other material advantage. That was how Britain

exploited Edward Windsor's popularity as Prince of Wales by using him as a super-salesman of the Empire. British Royalty's more recent visit to the South Africa again produced a boom in British trade. We should have expected Pandit Nehru's visit to South-East Asia, particularly Indonesia, to bring us similar advantages, but reports are that Nehru's rebuke of silence in regard to Indonesia's claim to New Guinea; followed by his open rebuff to the Malayan revolutionaries, has only served us to earn us the ill-will of South-East Asia.



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The "Third Sex"

SEVERAL times in the course of my recent European tour, I lost my temper when friendly organisations like the World Congress of Peoples against Imperialism accused our country of playing a Jekyll and Hyde role in indigenous and world politics. As a patriot abroad, I felt it my duty to rebuke such critics; as an Indian at home I have no alternative but to confess that we have invited such rebukes.

Président Vincent Auriol of France, for example, was blunt to the point of rudeness when, in the course of a long off-the-record talk with me, he characterised our "neutrality" as "imbecility" and ended the interview with the jovial but killing remark that, "so far as this thing you call neutrality goes, my friend, we call it the third sex in politics!"

I will illustrate this point quoting from my scrap book a conversation between a personality of the highest international stature, who must remain anonymous for obvious reasons, and myself, on the subject of our foreign policy which I wrote down verbatim after my interview.

We were discussing our neutrality vis-a-vis the civil war in Indo-China, about which the other party, being a leader of the West and, therefore,

very anti-Communist in his outlook, seemed somewhat sceptical. Here is an extract from the conversation:

"How do you justify Pandit Nehru's 'neutrality' towards Indo-China, Mr. Karonjia?"

"The answer is simple. We don't want to take sides until the two parties testing their stand give us the answer as to which is the stronger, more popular and representative of the two; but I think our Government has made no secret of its opposition



to Franco-American intervention in what is, basically, Indo-China's own internal problem and, ultimately, an Asian affair."

"Do you not think that, by refusing to help us in Indo-China, Nehru is inviting the tragedy of China and Chiang upon India and himself?"

"On the contrary, we in Asia feel that Chiang committed suicide by doing exactly what you now wish Nehru to do. Nehru is no Chiang; his Asian conscience would not permit him to make himself a tool in the

hands of the West; that is Nehru's biggest surety against the fate of Chiang."

"Brave words, bravely spoken! But how do you account for the fact that the same Nehru who is opposed to Western intervention in Indo-China and Indonesia, does not utter a word against similar 'atrocities' committed by his newly-found British allies in Malaya?"

"I don't think that his silence should be interpreted as approval."

"A stock answer. How, then, do you account for the fact that your so-called free Republic continues to be part and parcel of the old British Commonwealth; that your so-called 'independent foreign policy' continues to be inspired from Whitehall and that, even, as I speak, your Commander-in-Chief is attending the British Imperial—pardon, Commonwealth—Staff Conference?"

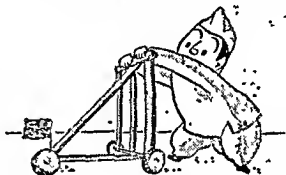
"Everything takes time; we have still to walk on our own feet; this is merely a passing phase before we achieve and exercise our adulthood in international affairs."

"Coming to this 'neutrality' you claim for your Government, does Pandit Nehru himself realise its meaning or implications?"

"What a question? Of course, he does!"

"Then, why does he permit the Secretary-General of his External Affairs Department and his various Ambassadors to indulge in public statements compromising the neutrality of his Government like, for instance, this statement made to the New York Times by Sir Girjashankar Bajpai?"

(With this question, he pushed at me across the table a copy of the French paper *Le Monde* carrying the head line: "India will join war



"We have still to walk on our own feet." against Russia" and reproducing Bajpai's statement to the New York Times to which reference has already been made in this chapter. Not having seen this article before, I was staggered. I protested that this might be an American reporter shooting the usual American line and I promised him that I would bring the interview to the notice of our Prime Minister at the earliest opportunity.—R.K.K.)

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"I have heard it said, Mr. Kavanja, that Nehru is an idealistic and high-principled horse, which would like to run in the direction of Moscow and Peking, but for the fact that Bojpai, the diplomat, who like a good rider has 'made himself one' with the horse, now rides it in the opposite direction, without the latter being conscious of it."

"I don't think you would indulge in such comparisons if you know Nehru or Bojpai."



"Bojpai rides Nehru"

"But the Anglo-Americans seem to KNOW Bojpai, don't they?"

"I don't understand the insinuation?"

"Do you know, my dear Mr. Kavanja, that I have heard from Americans with authority to speak like the U. S. ex-Ambassador in India, Mr. Henry Grady, that, despite all your wild talk about your neutrality

and all that, if war ever comes, India will line up with Britain which, on its side, would fight with America against Russia?"

"If you mean to suggest, however politely, that Nehru is being dishonest about his precepts and the practice thereof, then all I can say is that you don't know my Prime Minister, and I feel very sorry for your ignorance."

"Don't get excited, my friend, you are young and you don't know that diplomacy is the devil's own game There are influences There exist secret contracts about which people know nothing . . . Very often one's right hand doesn't know what one's left hand is doing . . ."

"Well, if Grady ever uttered such American propaganda before me, I'd call him a liar to his face."

"Have it your own way, Mr. Kavanja. Let's wait for the time when war happens—which God forbid!—and puts your neutrality to its only practical test. All I want to say to you as a well-wisher of your suffering and starving people is that IF you are going to join the war on the side of the West—and your own Foreign Secretary Bojpai has suggested such a course—then it would

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perhaps be better if your Government admitted. the inevitable straightaway and got all the financial, material and diplomatic help that America and the "West" would be willing to give you in exchange for your co-operation with the Western bloc."

"That's the snag. Nehru would not sell his conscience for dollars and dole. You know that, only recently,



"Running with the hare"

he refused the offer of two million tons of U. S. wheat made under similar conditions?"

"And yet, your conscience permits you to remain in the British Empire and make national and international concessions to Britain such as you would never have made in the worst days of your slavery! Do you imagine anybody believes you can run with the hare of your neutrality and hunt with the hounds of Britain and America at the same time? Do you

think Russia or China have any faith in your neutrality? Why not be more practical, accept the inevitability of your fighting the war on the side of Anglo-Americans and, in the meantime, take all that America has to offer your people in the way of dollars, food, arms and loans for your development?"

"That's all very good, sir. But I do not accept your premises that our neutrality is impossible of achievement."

"I think it is quite impossible of achievement and I feel your Government has full knowledge of that fact. Whether you accept American help or not, you will have to participate in any war to come, together with Britain. So you may as well take advantage of your position and feed your people on something more substantial than such barren talk about 'neutrality.' If they are going to be made the cannon-fodder of the third world war anyway, like most of us in Europe, at least let them enjoy the benefits of their ultimate sacrifice while they are yet alive."

While at the time I decried the conclusions of my friend as monstrous, I must now confess that the first shot in Korea of what might

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develop into a third world war has proved the utter hollowness of Indian claims to "neutrality" as between the two rival blocs.

Both space restrictions and discretion force me to end the conversation here, but I hope I have said enough to convince the Prime Minister and the External Affairs Ministry that our position as a Republic, which cannot make up its

mind whether to wear the Gandhi Cap or the British Crown and our 'neutrality' to which so many different and contradictory interpretations are being given by OURSELVES, are being exploited and submitted to grievous distortions by our enemies abroad. If we cannot do anything else, at least we can beseech our Nehrus and Bajpals, Vijayalaxmis and Pannikars and Raos and Menons to speak with one voice.



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EVERY TIME a minister, leader, diplomat, businessman, bania, publicist or editor owning allegiance to the Congress leaves the country on his nowadays too frequent tramps abroad—backed, of course, by all the official patronage and diplomatic assistance available, he returns home to pay back his debt of gratitude to the Government by singing hallelujahs in the glory and praise of (a) India's rising international prestige and (b) worldover recognition of India's leadership of Asia—and on every occasion, the party paraphernalia at home echoes this monolythic, monotonous, mechanic self-praise, like a cry inside some tunnel.

I know of an amusing incident when one particular spokesman of our new, post-independence breed of "managing editors" wrote to the Government, on his return from a world tour, thanking them for the "chits" given him and assuring them that "everywhere I found India's prestige and leadership very high indeed: in fact, it inspired me to hear a great British statesman pay tribute to the fact that even the Himalayas had been rising since Congress came into power and ask me if it was really true that Mount Everest had reached new heights during the 1947-50 period!" "To which" admitted this Maharaja of Suckers, "I replied proudly in the affirmative".

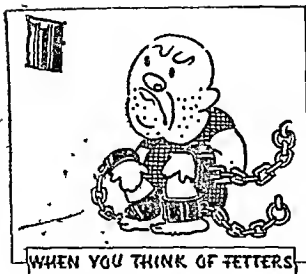
That is the type of bilge and ballyhoo we try to fool ourselves and the whole world with in order to make amends to our own conscience for the failure of our governments to do anything positive, constructive or really big in the way of national achievement. Since we have nothing to boast about at home, we sing songs in praise of nebulous and fictitious commodities like our international prestige and leadership of Asia. We



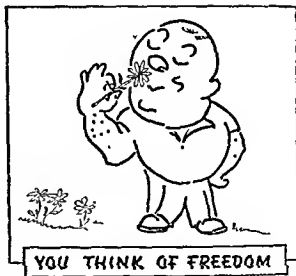
"Even the Himalayas are rising"

may have succeeded in fooling ourselves, but we have not succeeded in fooling the world. Rather we are making ourselves the laughing-stocks of world opinion by indulging in such orgies of self-adulation.

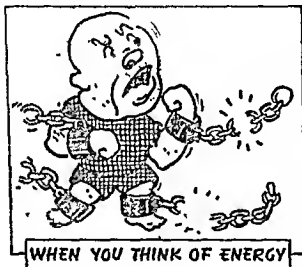
International prestige and leadership of any nation have been historically measured in terms of that particular nation's internal security, strength, solvency and power. What is the use of sending out ambassadors and missions and delegations abroad if the home front has not the potency to back them up



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—when necessary, with a fighting force—if ever such an eventuality arises. The story is on record that when an American ambassador tried to convince Marshal Stalin of the power and the might of the Pope of Rome, the Russian leader retorted with an enquiry about the number of divisions the Pope could command. That is the basis of all diplomacy and that is where our diplomacy fails.

Stories are going round, for instance, of the manner in which the Portuguese have piled insult upon insult on our consuls and diplomats in Goa, a portion of our own country, without our being able to do anything about it. I remember a Swiss Minister telling me the story of how many years ago, when Switzerland was a young state, like our own country, an Italian diplomat had the cheek to say something insulting about the Swiss in their own capital of Berne. The same evening, the offending diplomat was placed under arrest, handcuffed, put in the third-class compartment of a Swiss train and thrown out on the Italian border. The Italians could do nothing about it because they knew that whole Swiss divisions were ready to march into Italy at a moment's notice in order to

maintain the honour and prestige of the Swiss people. The incident probably explains why every nation to-day respects the neutrality of Switzerland and none, not even the Kaiser or Hitler, dared to abrogate that neutrality.

With India it is a different story. Apart from the vital issues of our security, strength, solvency and power, the world has not still made



"Old ji-huzoors and jo-hukums."

up its mind as to the fundamental question whether we can even be called a free and independent country. They suspect that we are the same old ji-huzoors and jo-hukums tied to the feet of our new Anglo-American masters. The only difference, as they see it, is that a Mountbatten has replaced a Wavell and a Henderson has substituted a Linlithgow.

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Let me illustrate this point. A reception held for me by the Congress of the World Peoples Against Imperialism in the office of the French newspaper *Franc Tireur*, in Paris, this spring, somehow became a symposium of leaders of colonial peoples against the India Government's policy of "neutrality" towards their freedom movements. The



"Independence" ?

socialist delegate from Viet-Nam was the most outspoken of them all. He thundered

"We are afraid that with Independence, the India that had meant so much to us ceased to be independent. We refer to the India of Gandhi, Nehru, Patel and Congress, on which millions of colonials like us, victims of Western imperialism, had pinned our faith and hopes. Our hearts sank when we read of free India hailing scions of British Royalty and Reaction responsible for the mutilation of their country and the enchain-

ing of the whole of South-East Asia of western neo-imperialism with shouts of Pandit Mountbatten ki-Joi. Events since have confirmed our worst fears. Even Pandit Nehru, our old comrade in the world struggle against imperialism, has apparently turned his back on us and embraced instead the Mountbottens, Bevin Schumans and Achesons who lead the new trade union of imperialist power."

The delegate who had the courage to give expression to his disillusionment and despair at the reactionary role adopted by free India in international affairs got the largest applause of all speakers at the reception. He had said something that was furiously agitating them all, and he wasn't a communist either but a socialist and former colleague of Pandit Nehru in the World Congress.

The world outside entertains very serious doubts about our claims to independence of Britain and, in the final counting, of the United States. People abroad believe that Nehru and Congress enjoyed incomparably greater freedom of action when they were in the opposition and, therefore, more capable of giving their leadership to the revolutionary movements of Asia and Africa than today,

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in their new role of partners in the Commonwealth gang-up. They have decided, rightly or wrongly, that both Nehru and Congress have broken faith, not only with these freedom movements, but equally so with their own revolutionary convictions and principles.

Friends of India abroad dinned the same stock questions into my ears everywhere I went. . . Why did Congress which used to thunder against Portion and Jinnah finally take the initiative in accepting portion and vindicating Jinnah? . . . How could the same leadership that had pledged India repeatedly to full and complete independence reconcile its conscience to the new line-up with the British Empire? . . . Why does the Republic of the great revolutionary Nehru continue to wear upon its head the symbol of the British Crown? . . . By what magic or mesmerism do the Mountbattens and Nyes and Gradys and Hendersons continue to shape the major and minor policies of free India? . . . and so on, ad infinitum, for to the intelligent, thinking people of the world Nehru's India that is Bharat remains the same old satellite of Britain, dominated by the same old John Bull and Uncle Sham, now clothed in the

infinitely more dangerous khaddar shirt and white cap.

All of which adds up to an almost universal crisis of faith in us. Our world is no longer a bond unto the world outside. Our precepts, promises and pledges are regarded as so much eyewash incapable of being honoured in practice. We appear to the world to suffer from some chronic impotence to stand up for anything,



"Stand up for anything"

to fight for our or anybody else's rights, to "do or die" for our cause, our faith or our honour. We bartered our leadership of Asia for the mess of pottage called "neutrality", which the world regards as an excuse for our mental, moral and physical paralysis. We gave in to Jinnah and we are now giving in to Liaquat. We "sold" our freedom to the British and our "neutrality" is now aiding and abetting British and other imperial-



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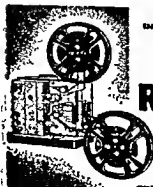
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isms to scuttle the independence of our neighbours in Asia and Africa. We are yielding on all sides to anybody who can bluff, bully or blackmail us—to South Africa and the French and Portuguese "pimples" within India; to our own black-marketeers and taxdodgers; to the princes, zamindars and other exploiters of our starving humanity; to corrupt or crazy provincial Ministries who defy Centre's authority and run amok with fascist measures like Security Acts and moral fads like Prohibition.

Let's face facts and admit that, to the eyes of the world, such an attitude looks like one born of national weakness, insolvency, insecurity, fear and even cowardice. It is human nature to admire the strong man, the conqueror, the nation armoured with right as well as might; and the world, being human after all, no amount of

balderdash we talk about. Gandhi, truth and non-violence can save us from the "disgrace abounding" of our paralysis.

Our stock rocketted to the high heavens the only time we ceased to worry about international opinion, marched into Hyderabad and silenced our critics abroad with a swift and decisive military victory. A few more "Hyderabad" in Kashmir, Goa and Pondicherry, for example, would salvage our sinking international prestige better than our bombast about "Gandhism and All That". If only we had acted likewise in regard to the even more vital issue of Kashmir, where our gallant armies were on the brink of a spectacular military triumph—instead of allowing our Anglo-American "friends" to make up our minds for us, calling cease-fire and probably losing Kashmir for ever!



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THE WORLD like God helps only those who help themselves, and if today the whole of Middle East and a portion of Muslim South East Asia are ranged on the side of Pakistan against us on issues such as Kashmir, the reason is that they have no faith left in (a) our ideals and (b) our capacity to fight to the bitter end for those ideals

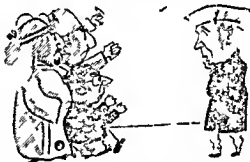
This was made unmistakably clear to me in Cairo last April, by more than one leader of the Arab League. Prime Minister Nahas Pasha of Egypt for example recalled how he had always stood like a rock with Gandhi and Nehru on the side of Hindu-Muslim unity and told me of his stormy interview with Jinnah when he warned the latter of the fatal consequences to the whole of Asia of any partition of India on his 'two-nation' theory

Nahas Pasha did not say so much, but I could feel that the grand old warrior was disappointed at Congress India's deplorable somersault on the issue of partition

His second in command of the Arab League was more blunt when he asked of me 'How can you claim to fight for Gandhi's 'one-nation' ideal based on Hindu-Muslim unity in Kashmir, when you yourselves have repudiated that ideal and vindicated Jinnah's 'two-nation' theory by

accepting partition as a solution for the larger problem of the whole of India? Now that you have divided up India, would it not be more logical for you to agree to the division of Kashmir as well on the Hindu-Muslim ratio?'

There you see what a hornet's nest we have built round ourselves by the confusions and contradictions of our ideals and policies. The whole of the Middle East that is Moslem Asia, covering our entire north-western frontier, will go with Pakistan if ever



'On the side of Pakistan a serious Indo-Pakistan issue arises not because of any great love between the two—on the contrary, they are rather jealous of Pakistan—but for the simple reason that **THEY HAVE NO FAITH LEFT IN OUR WILL, FREEDOM OR CAPACITY TO FIGHT FOR OUR RIGHTS**

The Middle East thus lost to us, remains the might of Soviet Russian Red Chinese bloc straggling like the immensity of the Himalayas themselves right across our northern and north-eastern frontiers. But here,

again, the kind of "neutrality" we have been practising has practically lost us the goodwill and friendship of our great Asian neighbours. Our other eastern neighbours, South East Asia, now boiling over in a ferment of revolutionary crisis, also cannot feel particularly grateful to us for the "neutrality" which is being exploited by western bandits to play havoc with their freedom movements, even while our "neutral" Nehru either plays the proverbial role of the ostrich or adds insult to the injury due by preaching Gandhism and non-violence to Viet-Nameese, Malayan and Burman revolutionaries ! ! !

Destiny mocked us not long ago with Time's most stupendous opportunity to take over the leadership of Asia: our response to the call of history was to reduce ourselves from that sublime office of responsibility to the ridiculous position of a self-isolated, ostrich-like "neutral" or rather, "neuter," at the toe of a volcanic continent seething with revolutions. We have antagonised all three of the big, political land-blocs around us; we have allowed our leadership of Asia to pass over to Mao's China; we have sought for ourselves the pathetic counter-revolutionary role of satellites of the Anglo-American bloc.

Have we forgotten that the Anglo-American bloc and their Atlantic Union of European Imperialisms have invariably supported Pakistan against us and that members of that bloc, like the French and Portuguese "pimples" in India, have actually threatened to invoke sanctions of the whole Atlantic Union against us if we dare so much as question their "sovereignty" within our own country?

Surely those in charge of our foreign diplomacy can have no doubt left by this time about the fact that



"Neutrality"

in the case of any showdown between India and Pakistan (which God forbid!), we would find the whole Moslem world ranged against us. The Anglo-Americans with their economic and strategic interests in the Middle East, which supplies all the fuel to gear their war machine, would have no alternative but to side with a Moslem bloc. India would,

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therefore, be isolated and crushed like a match-box if ever serious trouble arose between us and Pakistan on some issue like Kashmir. What have we done to avert such calamity? What allies have we found outside of the Anglo-American camp who are bound by circumstances to be ranged on the side of our enemies?

So we are the friends of the ollies of our enemies and the enemies of our friends in the world outside—God help us!



"Friends of the allies of our enemies"

Even Chiang and the Chinese Kuomintang, with whom we are being bracketed everywhere, could have boasted of a more favourable international position, five years ago, than Nehru and the Indian Congress can today.

As if our existing position weren't bad enough, strong pressures are being brought upon Prime Minister Nehru and his Government to yield our "neutrality," real

or alleged, to the Anglo-American bloc. Whilst we already belong to the Western Union for all practical purposes, our Washington patriots evidently want Nehru to associate himself with what tantamounts to an Anglo-American declaration of war against our neighbouring Soviet-Chinese bloc and their allies. The case for such an axis between Delhi, London and Washington has been argued ad nauseam from the points of view of ideology, democracy, freedom, strategy and, most important of all, the criterion that if we have to take sides with the power-blocs and enter the war, we might at least do so on the side of the winning party.

There is no use wasting time and print in arguing the so-called issues of ideology, democracy and freedom. If Russia has failed to cultivate these three virtues, surely it would be the height of self-delusion for any thinking Indian to believe that either ideology, or democracy or freedom rule the roose either in America or the Atlantic Union of imperialist, pseudo-imperialist or neo-imperialist nations who are the allies, or vassals, of the United States.

This leaves us with the two practical and material tests as to (a) what foreign alliances would be

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strategically advantageous to India and (b) who is going to win the war, so that if we have to take sides at all, we might come out of war on the winning side.

Test (a) has already been answered in the foregoing chapter. In the event of a crisis in Indo-Pakistan relations, the Moslem bloc will go with Pakistan and Anglo-American interests, interlocked with the Middle East, will have to side with Pakistan against India. And, in any case, if we join the Western bloc in the event of a war, Russia and China will find it necessary to neutralise our war potential. We may be attacked by land and sea and, particularly, from the air. The question is: if Russia and China invade India, can far-flung Britain and America save us? Korea has already given the answer. The Anglo-Americans and their allies have evidently found themselves incompetent to deal with Korean rebels sparsely assisted by Chinese volunteers, without either China or Russia entering the war; how then can they expect to save India against a total invasion by the mighty forces of Russia and China? It is, therefore, impracticable on strategical grounds for India to enter into any alliance with the Anglo-Americans.

Test (b) is a more difficult one. Whether the Anglo-Americans or the

Soviet-Chinese will win World War Three is a matter of some controversy. Our Washington patriots have evidently decided that Anglo-Americans are going to be the victors of World War-Three. May I ask, what is the basis of their calculation? *The Atom Bomb*? Russia has already beaten it. *The Hydrogen Bomb*? That has been proved an impracticable bogey and, in any case, Russia can at least be trusted to evolve



"Which side ???"

equally deadly terrors of this type. *Monpower*? The Soviet-Chinese bloc beats the Anglo-American bloc hollow in this most vital factor of any war. *Armaments*? Russia can claim to be at least America's equal in this respect. *Morale*? The heroes of Stalingrad, Leningrad and Sevastapol who beat down German morale will find little difficulty in smashing up the Yankee Doodle Dandy. *What then remains*? If doubts still existed about American morale and fighting guts, the little Korean people have given the answer.



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How others see us

THE FOREIGN POLICY and its success for any country depends, as I have repeatedly stated in the course of this pamphlet, on its internal strength or weakness, solvency or insolvency, security or insecurity, unity or disunity; and, I am afraid, free India has presented to the world a rather poor score on this counting. We blame foreign countries and our missions for the failure of our propaganda abroad, but we seldom stop to ask ourselves whether we have produced anything worthwhile internally for our ambassadors to "sell" abroad.

The reference is not merely to our exports and commercial ethics, which have certainly not done much to raise our stock in the world markets, but more so to our spiritual, ideological, cultural, political, economic and purely material assets measured in terms of worldly success. Foreign nations naturally set greater store by reports received from their own embassies in our country than what is told them by our ambassadors abroad; so I made it my business to find out what type of appreciation or depreciation of my country foreign

missions in India send back to their governments at home

A European authority on Indian affairs was good enough to show me an estimation of the situation obtaining in India which his office had made up from reports sent home by one such embassy in India. The whole thing read like a script written for some Hollywood silly symphony.



"Selling Bharat abroad"

Nehru's India was characterised as "more British than in the days of the British themselves." The Mountbattens and Nyes "who in their turn take their instruction from the Grady's and Hendersons of U.S.A." continued, according to the report, to be "real presidents and policy-shapers of the Republic, from larger issues like the revolutions of South-East Asia and changes in the Nehru Cabinet down to such minor details

as a factory for prefabs." A paper edited by the Prime Minister's brother-in-law was quoted as charging that British and U. S. missions in India "exercise immense influence even in matters such as Cabinet changes and appointment of new ministers." British and Empire preferences plus trade barriers set up by indigenous industrialists to protect their own mediocre manufactures from foreign competition were stated to be "losing India competitive trade, commerce and business from European countries."

The report stated that there were serious dissensions in the Congress and that the Congress policy was dominated by powerful business combines. "It is difficult to make out who really rules India—Nehru or Patel and, in the final counting, Patel or Birla," adds the report. Findings in regard to this particular point are worth quotation, particularly because I found identical observations made in many different and responsible quarters. "It is such confusions and contradictions read in the context of the fundamental dualism of the Indian character that make any sensible understanding or definition of principles and policies of the Indian Government impossible. One could talk business with a capitalist

country like U.S.A., a socialist welfare state like U.K., or a communist nation like U.S.S.R., but it is difficult to deal with the existing hoteh-poteh of Birla, Gandhism and Nehru in India." The report suggests two solutions: either the country should be run on proper, efficient and effective capitalist lines recommended by an astute commercial leader of the experience and influence of Mr. G. D. Birla, unhampered by Nehru's half-baked socialism, or it



"Who really rules India?" should decide for an honest communist government. The writer considered the third alternative of democratic socialism both unworkable and impracticable in present-day India and marshalled arguments in support of this view. "Nehru will have to decide either for capitalist or communist dictatorship," he concluded.

The Nehru-Patel dissensions, the report emphasised, "are very real. One side is always busy undoing



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what the other wants to do. Nehru commands the whole nation as a popular leader, but has no voice in Congress which is controlled by Sardar Patel." It represented the nation, its central and provincial Governments, the Congress, even distant Kashmir as "divided from top to bottom into the Nehru party and the Patel party."

"We need not give much credit to Indian claims to follow Gandhi," the



"Nehru-Patel dissensions"

report continued, "genuine Gandhites like Nehru and Rajaji are labelled as 'Nationalist Muslims' in India." The report quoted the oft-repeated charge against Congress that even the Gandhi Memorial Fund has turned out to be a huge national fraud and concluded that his followers worship Gandhi only in "negatives and dogmas like Prohibition and Puritanism, probably because they have nothing positive or creative to offer the nation."

Congressmen come out of the report as rather poor, moronic, perverted specimens suffering from an almost pathological inferiority complex which makes them hate everything that is "up-to-date, modern, efficient and organised—"like the Indian army, for example." They would rather "take India back to the villages than permit themselves to suffer the psychological humiliation of village idiots lost in modern cities." This rather naive crowd of political was shown as being exploited by corrupt and knavish party bosses who debase the name of Gandhi to cover their shameful deeds and whose treatment of their Mahatma during the last days of his life, according to the report, made one of the most shameful chapters of Indian history.

Among the dozen and odd paradoxes of free India listed by the writer, priority was given to the fact that "India boasts about Gandhism, Democracy, Truth and Non-violence, while its government enacts lawless and fascist laws chaining civil liberties of the people, and hunts, shoots and kills political opponents without conscience." Enactments like the Preventive Detention Act and the Provincial Security Measures were cited as examples and detention of hundreds of political opponents with-

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out warrant trial or even judicial approval of such illegal action were quoted as illustrations of the "Jekyll-and-Hyde policies" of the "democratic" and "Gandhian" Indian Government

In proof of this view, the report quoted statistics of repression in free India collected by "an eminent professor of Delhi." According to these statistics, from August 15, 1947, to August 15 1950, there were 1,782



"Democracy"

police and military firings in support of the non-violent regime. These resulted in 3,784 killed and 9,342 injured. Nearly 50,000 people, including communists, RSS-men, socialists, students and communalists—even Congressmen—were detained for varying periods. India was perhaps the only country where police opened fire in jails 17 times during last three years resulting in 82 deaths, in the Salem Jail firing alone, 32 people

were killed outright on a single occasion.

Equally shocking details follow of Congress corruption, factional rivalries, black-marketing and tax-evasion, general disintegration of the administrative machinery, appeasement of the rich, oppression of the working classes and so on culled from papers like ex Congress President Kripalani's *Vigil* and the Nehru family's *National Herald*.

Finally, the so-called "aggressive and expansionist intentions of the Nehru Government" were emphatically discounted. India might be persuaded into a war of Britain's making or convenience, suggested the author, "but it is unlikely that India will go to war on issues such as Kashmir, Goa and Pondicherry." Whilst tribute is paid to the "magnificent Indian Army under competent Generals," the report concludes that obstacles such as imperial and capitalist pressures, division within the Government and the Congress, failure of the production machine, the strike of capital on the one hand and increasing labour unrest on the other, resulting economic insolvency, rampant corruption, black-marketing, tax-evasion and artificial shortages, an agrarian crisis, the



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refugee problem and general paralysis of action of a Government acutely conscious of its unpopularity, were likely to prevent India from ever going to war

Rather a gloomy picture—and probably exaggerated too, but I feel it necessary to bring it to the notice of the Government and the people of India because the report has gone out to a nation with which we have had serious differences within recent times and the findings included therein are likely to be used against us I am sure our ambassadors abroad are well aware of such criticisms

Do they care, or dare, to inform the Prime Minister who is also the Foreign Minister about what the world really thinks of his Government and his Congress?

And even if they did care, or dare, to pass on such information to Delhi, does Nehru ever get such reports or find the time to study them? To see ourselves as others see us is a very salutary thing, and if the Prime Minister's entourage haven't got the guts to bring unpalatable facts to the notice of their chief, somebody else has simply got to undertake this thankless task . . .



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INDIA'S VACILLATING POLICY of "dynamic neutrality," better known in vulgar diplomatic parlance abroad as "dynamic hypocrisy," is in many ways reminiscent of an old Indian story about the legendary predilections of one of Akbar's ministers. The Emperor was very often annoyed with his *vazir's* chronic indecision and, in sheer exasperation, decided upon a novel practical test to find out how deep-rooted was the malady.

One day Akbar pretended to be very angry with the minister's vacillating attitude on some important issue and ordained that, by way of punishment, he should choose between eating a hundred raw onions and receiving a hundred shoe beatings.

The poor *vazir* naturally felt that eating onions was the less painful, at any rate, far less humiliating alternative. So he started gulping down a few and, when he could no longer stand the pungent taste and choking smell, he decided in sheer desperation to try the shoe beatings for a change. When he found his ordeal equally painful, he switched back to the onions and then again to the shoe beatings! In this manner, he eventually ate not only the hundred

onions but also took the full quota of hundred shoe beatings.

Any impartial reviewer of the foreign policy of India and the international Dead-Sea-fruit accruing to us therefrom would find in the punishment of Akbar's *vazir* somewhat of a parallel to the predilections of our own high policy-makers.

We launched our foreign policy with a bang in Pandit Nehru's famous first broadcast, immediately following his assumption of the office of Prime



"Raw onions or shoe beatings?"

Minister, which made very special references to our great neighbour Russia and called for very special Indo-Soviet ties. As token of this policy, we paid Russia the honour of sending our Prime Minister's own sister as our ambassador to that country. Our entry into the UNO was also marked with a great commonality of purpose with the Soviet

It was that the Anglo-

and, particularly, of the United States. There was nothing wrong in this. One can't be friends with everybody. But one must be friends with somebody. And that is where we made our initial blunder.

For some mysterious reason suspect of wire-pulling, bullying and even blackmail from London and Washington, there came about a sudden change in our foreign policy. Anglo-American pressure aside, the "Steel Ring" of the ICS that had begun slowly to close in on a well-meaning and inexperienced Government and Madam Vijayalakshmi Pandit's own whimsicalities are believed to be responsible for the chill that crept into and began to mar Indo-Soviet relations. Among the great "ifs" of history will perhaps be added one to the effect that if Marshal Stalin had granted to Madam Pandit the distinction of a personal interview she insisted upon but somehow failed to secure, Indo-Soviet relations would have taken a very different turn beneficial to both nations. *Toujours cherchez la femme!*—as the wise French would say.

However that may be, thereby we earned—and deserved—the hostility of the Soviet bloc. If this had been compensated for by the friendship,

in word and in deed, of the Anglo-American bloc, there would be no cause for complaint. But the opposite seems to have been the case.

Take our fight against South Africa and Pakistan as examples. On both these issues affecting the most sensitive spot of our national honour, we found the Anglo-Americans, particularly the Americans, unreasonable, obstructive and, on many an occasion, openly hostile to what we consider



"Madam Pandit's whimsicalities"

our just and fair claims; on the other hand, the worst that can be said of Russia and countries under Soviet influence is that they have been rather lukewarm towards our cause.

We have, therefore, lost the friendship of the Soviet Bloc, including lately the China of Mao Tse-tung, without gaining the alternative support of the Anglo-American "commonwealth."

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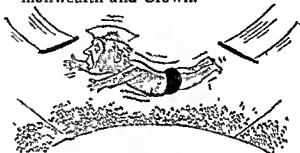
This factor has already been dealt with at length, so we shall proceed to the only available test of the success or failure of the foreign policy of a member-nation of the world organisation of the United Nations.

Our Prime Minister and his Government set tremendous store by the UNO to an extent that we sacrificed our military victory in Kashmir to our faith in the Security Council. Despite the fact that our faith was frustrated by the meanest of betrayals, we continued to follow that organisation even on the controversial issue of the UNO's posthumous sanction given to the American aggression in Korea, on our own Asian mainland. We even sacrificed our leadership of Asia, which could have been exercised more effectively through the formation of an Asian bloc, in the interest of the United Nations. One would have thought that these concessions might have got us some pivotal position in the Security Council. But that is not the case. On the contrary, the would-be or might-have-been "leader of Asia" has been reduced to the position of a Cinderella, or an Untouchable in the Security Council.

Let us judge ourselves by the various issues sponsored by us at Lake Success. With the sole excep-

tion of Indonesia—the thunder of which in any case, was stolen from India by Australia, we cannot claim a single creditable achievement in the UNO.

We were frustrated in our fight on behalf of our nationals in South Africa—and Britain, to whom we still cling so desperately, played no mean part in helping South Africa against us. That was the price we paid for our continued association with Commonwealth and Crown.



When South Africa wanted to gobble up West Africa, we fought again for a people about to be crucified upon the Cross of White Imperialism and it seemed that we succeeded. But the UNO, which sanctioned American aggression against an Asian people in Korea on the excuse that the North Koreans wanted to swallow South Korea by force of arms, did absolutely nothing to help West Africa against the banditry of the White Hitlers and Mala-Nazis of South Africa.



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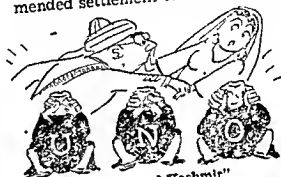
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Take Kashmir next. With a military victory within our sight, we trusted our righteous cause to the United Nations. With what result? Need we list our sad sequence of frustrations at the hands of the UNO and, particularly, the Anglo-American bloc which controls it? In sheerest despair, we had to take the situation back in our hands and call for a Constituent Assembly to obtain a popular vote on Kashmir.

If some diviner can read the writing on the heart of Shaikh Abdullah, the revolutionary leader of Kashmir, it would acknowledge the fact that had we given to Russia a quarter of the faith and trust we bestowed in our inexperience or foolishness upon the Anglo-Americans, justice might not have been denied to the good people of Kashmir and the warm, young blood of our soldiers would not have been spilled in vain.

And finally, skipping over a series of minor frustrations, we come to the burning issue of the war in Korea. When civil war started in Korea on June 25, 1950, India sided with the Anglo-American bloc in naming North Korea as aggressor and approving the Security Council's resolution to send military aid to the rescue of the South in driving the "invaders" back to the 38th Parallel.

The Americans were jubilant—naturally. Nehru was hailed as a Nestor come to judgment. But Nestor soon turned Nero in the eyes of the Yanks when Prime Minister Nehru, evidently in response to Asian opinion which made no secret of its disapproval of his Korean policy, sent his SOS for peace to Stalin and Acheson in the second week of January 1950. The appeal recommended settlement of the deadlock in



"Rape of Kashmir"

the Security Council by the admission of the Peoples' Government of China into the UNO as the sine qua non of peace in our time. Russia accepted the Nehru proposal. America rejected it—and added insult to the injury done by unleashing a campaign of slander blackguarding Nehru as a tout for Stalin and Communism.

The same fate met every succeeding proposal for peace put forward by our representatives at the UNO. And finally, India got its biggest slap

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in the face from our Anglo-American "allies" in this unprovoked aggression against an Asian people, when General MacArthur decided on his own to cross the 38th Parallel against the expressed wish of India, the nation which claims the leadership of Asia, and got his second act of violence and war okayed by the UNO. All that poor India could do was to abstain from voting on this issue.

This last of a series of snubs from the UNO has severely jolted India's prestige which never stood high in the West, but did hold good stock among Asian nations and peoples. It must be very discomforting for Nehru to realise the fact that when the world situation affecting Asia boiled up to its really first serious crisis two nations which at least might have been expected to follow India's stand for reasons of friendship if not gratitude—Soekarno's Indonesia and Nahas Pasha's Egypt—decided to repudiate the Indian stand and maintain their neutrality vis-a-vis the Korean War. Nehru was told in so many words: we are doing precisely what you taught us to do, Chum, albeit perhaps you do not have the strength or conviction to follow your own precept of neutrality!

What a blow this must have been to our leaders and policy-makers can

best be left to the judgment of readers. It has perhaps convinced our Anglo-American masters also that they can no longer use Nehru as a convenient scapegoat to bring the rest of Asia into the slaughterhouse of their war. So far as Asia is concerned, it has caused a serious crisis of confidence in India and its Government.

The Korean War caught us on the wrong foot. By giving our moral support, if not physical backing, to



"Your own precept, Chum!"

the American racket in Korea, we lost the friendship and goodwill of China and Russia. Our attempts, thereafter, to pull our foot out of the mess, on the other hand, provoked the enmity of the United States and its satellites. We have consequently left both Russia and America, East and West, warmongers and peoples of the world alike wondering, and wondering furiously, where exactly we stand.

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SO TO SUM UP We have isolated ourselves not only from the war-mongering world blocs, but peace-loving humanity as well by our "neutrality," the practice of which is as contrary to the precept as Mr Hyde was to Dr Jekyll! The thing we call "neutrality" is being turned and twisted to suit British and Anglo-American interests—so at least the world appears to have decided, rightly or wrongly, and this single factor has gone a long way to destroy the prestige, power and respect free India commanded abroad in the days of the dawn of our independence. The result is that we have "lost face" with the world. Particularly do the colonial and coloured victims of western imperialism feel let down by this volte face on the part of their erstwhile colleague in the fight for the freedom of Asia and Africa.

A really independent foreign policy would have earned us the respect and fear of both the Anglo-American and Soviet-Chinese blocs and made us not only the accredited trihune of Asia, but a vital 'Third Force' as well in world affairs. Our "neutrality," however, has served only to make us stooges of the West, enemies of the East and suspects among our own coloured and colonial peoples, it has invited upon our heads the label—or libel—of having introduced

a "third sex" instead of the necessary "third force" in international matters. Our leadership of Asia has, as a result, been lost to China.

We have failed to forge anything like a third, Asian bloc of our own on the basis of a planned, economic integration of the countries of South-East Asia according to the pattern set by Soviet Russia in Central Europe—which would have been the natural thing for Nehru's India, with



"We have lost face"

its immense prestige among its Asian neighbours to do. This is not some impossible millennium of my wishful thinking, it has behind it the inspiration of eminent British socialists and economists of the calibre of the late Prof Lasky and Dr Cole. Having failed to create this "third force" in international power-politics, the next best thing for us to have done would have been to find allies either in the Anglo-American or the Soviet-Chinese blocs—particularly so in view of our strained relations with Pakistan. Even on this second test we seem to have failed.

Today we find nobody, for example to support our claims on Kashmir in the United Nations or the world outside Russia was ready to support us in the beginning—Shaikh Abdullah himself will bear out this statement, but at that time we were canvassing Anglo-American backing. The result is that neither bloc is willing to back what we regard as our just claims. What we call 'neutrality' reads very well on paper. But is it possible? Is it practicable? Not in the context of India of today I am afraid. A united strong, well-armoured India might have been able to maintain neutrality vis-a-vis the world outside. We should have, in the first instance, secured our frontiers at home, liquidated foreign pockets like Goa and Pondicherry, exploited all known and unknown resources of the land and welded this mighty sub-continent into a powerful union. On the slightest hint of foreign intrigue, we should have marched into Nepal as our neighbour, China, marched into Tibet, thereby giving the world proof of our will, strength and determination. On this, the third count too, I am afraid, we have shown a rather poor score.

The world concludes that we have coined the word "neutrality" merely

as cloak to cover our lack of independence of Commonwealth and Anglo-American policies.

Whatever little of our claims to independence were left after what the world considers, correctly or mistakenly, to be a sell-out to Britain and American power-politics have been further vitiated by universal knowledge of our national weaknesses, confusions contradictions and plain unvarnished hypocrisy. Even British and American authorities, who are not expected to favour an



"Cover our lack of independence"

ideologically alien China against what they consider to be a friendly India, confessed to me that Mao's achievements in the field of reconstruction, rehabilitation and reformation of war-wrecked China within one year of the new State surpassed by any standard the score of Nehru and his Congress which stands for all practical purposes at "zero". The arguments they advance and illustrated by facts and figures are too

Dear Jekyll

I am afraid that Amzel's have discovered our secret. When I passed their show-room this morning, I saw a very attractive settee. When I passed again tonight it was a comfortable bed. You had better tell Madam to scrutinise it through her lorgnette.

Although I am Hyde, I am signing this letter pseudonymously, I hope the blighters don't coin a word and call it "hydeajekyll".

Yours,

Adam

well known to us to bear repetition. The fact is that, despite all our tall claims of progress, achievement, leadership and, most fictitious of them all—Gandhism, the world has somehow found us out. A French Minister's recent jibe at India—"cette immense faiblesse" (that immensity of weakness)—is shared by many people who matter in our world. And we know it too; but we continue the make-believe of playing Shriut Hyde to Dr. Jekyll in national and international affairs.

If any ambassador of ours could write freely, frankly and fearlessly to Prime Minister Nehru at home, he would probably echo most of the hard and harsh things said by me in this book. But the fact is he dare not challenge the sweet complacency of his Government and the Almighty Congress. Most of our embassies are filled by ICS-men, competent but unimaginative flunkies of the Bajpai "Ring of Steel" whose duty it is simply to do and to die and never question why. Had they the will and the capacity to report foreign reactions back to our Government, I am sure our rulers would be wiser and sadder men for the knowledge. Many of them have been present with me at receptions, press con-

ferences, radio quiz, when awkward questions have been put to me in regard to the sins of commission and omission of our Government and Congress. A few of these might be worth reporting.

At a reception given to me by the Belgian journalists at their renowned Maison des Ecrivains (Home of Writers), I happened to say something against General Franco and his Fascist administration in Spain. A journalist, who had covered both



"Police guards and gunmen"

Spain and India, retorted with a question that, even granting that Franco was a dictator and a tyrant, how was it that he moved about with not one quarter of the police guards and gunmen who accompanied our Patels and Morarjis protecting them from their own people wherever they went? At a similar function in Paris, questions were asked of me about reports of corruption from almost every State of the Indian Union.

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Pressmen wanted to know why—unlike Pakistan—India of Gandhi, Nehru and Patel had not thought it fit to institute a single judicial enquiry against ministers and Congress leaders involved in serious charges of corruption and nepotism. They asked of me whether this was not compounding of felony at its worst. In London, pressmen and editors expressed to me their concern at the shackles put upon the freedom of the press and civil liberties of the people by the first Indian Government of free India. Everywhere, people wanted to know what has happened to national trusts like the Gandhi and Kasturba Funds. I found it difficult to satisfy both their doubts and my own conscience. I wonder if Pandit Nehru is informed by his ambassadors and press attaches of these growing doubts, confusions and criticisms about his Government and his Congress—particularly, when they relate to the fetish we have made of the name of Gandhi.

Of course, it will be argued, all nations have to face such criticisms. Of course, they have! And India, particularly—let this be conceded on our behalf—achieved her freedom without either the goodwill or the

blessings of Western reaction. That is no excuse for our apathy and complacency, however! On the contrary, it should have acted as a warning of disaster to come and made us all the more careful as to how we used our freedom.

Churchill and his Tories, for example, have never been able to reconcile themselves to the prospect of a truly independent, sovereign and republican Indian Union. A high-placed



"National trusts"

associate of Churchill's in the Tory Party told me, quite bluntly, that British Conservative opinion had opposed and would continue to oppose the Radcliff Award and, particularly, our claims on Kashmir. If that is the accepted policy of a party which is likely to come into power in Britain some day soon, it is certainly not going to be long before we begin to eat the Dead-Sea-fruit of our continued association with the British

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Commonwealth. Nebru may yet have to pay for his partiality for the Mountbattens and Nyes who symbolise, for all purposes, the "Crown link" for India, with the loss of his beloved Kashmir to Pakistan, aided and abetted by the same Commonwealth.

With due consideration given to the birthpangs of our own freedom and the existence of a great deal of foreign ill-will towards our new State, our own record of failures and frustrations has to a large extent invited — and deserved — criticism. Burma, Pakistan, Indonesia, China and Israel also won their freedom in circumstances which could not — particularly in the case of China and Israel — be regarded as praiseworthy from the point of view of the Imperial West. And yet, they have recorded achievements in the national and international field which challenge and annihilate all green-eyed criticism. Every Chinese or Jew abroad makes, besides, an ideal propaganda salesman for his country at an unofficial level. Can the same be said of India? I am afraid not so. Indians in position abroad, like their countrymen in position at home, are playing the role of banias and black-marketeters with a gusto that surprises or shocks the world. The few

Indians who can make a good job of salesmanship — like students, artists, writers, intellectuals and, particularly, sportsmen — seldom get any encouragement from the mother country. On the contrary, many of them expressed to me their frustrations at the manner in which they are being humiliated.

A very well-known Indian sculptor, holder of a number of Commonwealth awards, on hearing that Prime Minister Nehru was visiting London,



"No time!"

politely requested that he be given a sitting for a bust of his idol and leader. He received a curt, almost rude "no" from the Prime Minister's Private Secretary, informing him that Pandit Nehru would have no time to give him the sitting asked for. Imagine the poor chap's surprise, therefore, when he came to know later that the Prime Minister had given a number of sittings to another

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artist, a non-Indian, without the international reputation enjoyed by the Indian applicant. Apparently the colour of one's skin continues to make all the difference in the world.

Similar cavalier treatment has frustrated other young men and women who, fired with home-sickness and patriotism, have written to ministers and leaders at home wanting encouragement in their efforts abroad for their country. Our rulers might well take a leaf out of the instructions issued by the Foreign Minister of Pakistan to all their missions abroad to give the maximum of help and encouragement to Pakistani nationals, particularly students, desiring to propagate their country abroad. Every Pakistani businessman, student and artist I met abroad was propagandist par excellence for his state. Many Indians, on the other hand, came to me with stories of the type I have related above against the Prime Minister or his uncivil secretariat.

The world of sports too has watched with growing concern, the failure of Indian sportsmen and sporting teams to make their old appearances to contest international sporting events. I checked up this complaint with Indian sportsmen on

my return home. They are confirmed it—alleging the cause to be the step-motherly attitude of our Indian governments towards a field of virile, nation-building, propaganda-punched activity to which the alien British Government had given all possible encouragement.

I had occasion recently to speak to a tall poppy of Sardar Patel's Information Ministry, which runs the propaganda wing of Pandit Nehru's Foreign Ministry (hence many of the



"Failure of Indian sport"

differences, contradictions and deadlocks in most of our missions abroad) on the immense propaganda value of a magazine like *Marg*, well-known organ of the Indian arts, among foreign peoples. I suggested that Government, which was already sponsoring papers like the international edition of *The Hindustan Times* that did us little credit anyway, might also recommend to our



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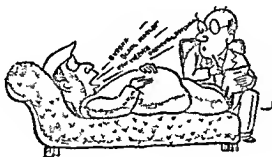
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foreign embassies to push forward *Marg* which would make an ideal ambassador of Indian culture abroad. To my astonishment, the party answered back that I should have known that *The Hindusthan Times* was edited by "our revered Mahatma-ji's son" (as if such a calamity were unknown to me!) while *Marg* belonged to Dr Mulk Raj Anand, who had very strong leftist associations. And in any case, queried this Prince of Morons, did India have to send out *Marg* to tell the world about its art and culture? . . . Wasn't our great past with all its historical traditions and cultural heritage enough? . . . I

must be a Margite or Communist to talk like that!!!

This cloying, sickening, self-paralysing complacency has become a disease, almost a national epidemic, with us. We must needs live in our dead past or our murdered Mahatma and we must delude ourselves that the world outside will take our word for all the humbug we talk about Gandhi and Buddha. If we ever get ourselves—or rather, our ruling party—properly psycho-analysed, the result would surely fit into the pattern of humanity set by the immortal creator of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.



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Humpty Dumpty

UR RULERS living as they do in a cloud-cuckoo-dom of their "ancient culture" and "historic civilisation" and all their boastful vanity about "Gandhism" and "Buddhism," of course, do not feel the need of any

special propaganda or salesmanship on their behalf. They act like the foredoomed fools of an unnatural optimism or an unwarranted complacency regarding India's position and prestige in world affairs. They are blissfully—or rather, blitzzfully—ignorant about the huge slump in our name and fame abroad. They take all the cheap praise and platitudinous flattery doled out to them by those who want to exploit their diplomatic innocence, or ignorance, at its face value. They delude themselves with the compliments of the Trumans, Gradys and Hendersons and of the Attlees, Mountbattens and Nyes who dangle before their faces carrots of leadership of Asia to an extent that they do not realise that they are being used as convenient tools in the neo-Imperialist plot of war and world domination.

It was a famous British editor and publicist who warned me early in 1947, that British Tories, Liberals and Socialists had agreed upon a common plan which had been blue-

printed in Washington, at the instance of the Asian experts of the U S State Department, to keep India above party politics in the context of an Anglo-American grand design to make Nehru play the role of a scapegoat to Asia similar to the one that Bevin has been enacting in Europe. He even hinted that the partition of India itself was part and parcel of such a diabolical Anglo-American



"Carrots of leadership"

plan to make a reactionary Pakistan stand up and challenge the progressive policies of Nehru's India and liquidate the latter's impact upon international affairs.

While I do not say that Nehru can ever enact such the role of an Asian Bevin or an Indian Chiang in honesty to his conscience and his great and noble past, it must be admitted that his recent tour of South-East Asia, during which he openly rebuked the Malayan nationalists and gave an indirect snub to Indonesia in regard to the latter's just and fair claims on

New Guinea, have raised serious doubts in the minds of his erstwhile friends and colleagues Lord Mountbatten's subsequent claim that the Indian Prime Minister's tour of South-East Asia was made under his inspiration has served only to fortify the doubts and fears of progressive opinion. Besides, our weak and wobbling policies in regard to the Korean War and the Sino-Tibetan crisis have not served India well abroad. Foreigners are asking: why did we have to run to the rescue of the dubious independence of the South Koreans when we did nothing to prevent West Africa from being swallowed by South Africa or parts of our own Kashmir from being retained under the rule of bandits and aggressors of Pakistan? . . . Is it so because such a policy suits our Anglo-American masters? . . . What has happened to Nehru's old battle-cry that "the frontiers of our struggle lie in Spain and China also"? . . . And they answer the question themselves. The struggle continues, and patriots continue to defy death, torture and concentration camps both in the West and in the East, only the frontiers of free India have shrunk—to Whitehall and White House!

It may be that the Gradys and Hendersons and Nyes and Mount-

battens who flatter our leaders to their face are also laughing at them behind their backs. I know that Mr Henry Grady, ex-Ambassador of USA in India, who was permitted liberties such as are not usually granted to any foreign diplomat in any country, has been talking abroad in most contemptible terms of Indian leadership unto its highest.

Surely our ambassadors abroad know these facts. As I have said



"Steel Ring around Nehru"

before, they dare not send such reports back to their Government. And if they send home anything that might be a cause of embarrassment either to Government or the "Steel Ring" forged around Government by the Old Guard of the ICS, such reports are likely never to meet the eyes of Prime Minister Nehru. It might probably be a wise thing for Nehru to have more direct and personal contacts with his ambassadors to Communist countries, like U.S.S.R.

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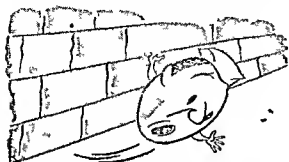
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"Before Humpty Dumpty falls"

This pamphlet—it presumes to be nothing more—will have served its purpose if it inoculates into men in authority leaders like Nehru and Patel an awareness of the heavy slump in our name fame and prestige abroad about which they seem to be ignorant. Somebody simply had to bring these hard and harsh facts to the notice of Indian leadership the

Indian people and their representatives in the Indian Parliament, because our ambassadors and the Congress variety of our tramps abroad are frightened to convey any correct appreciation of the situation, to leaders like Nehru and Patel with all their well known whimsicalities and bouts of temper. So our Foreign Service really acts like a group of friends relations flatterers slaves and parasites of the Great Moguls of hygone days and the Prime Minister and his Deputy Prime Minister, who nowadays behave more and more like a Grand Moguls themselves really imagine that they are sitting right on the top of the world. I implore Congress and Government alike not to delude themselves with dreams and fantasies that simply don't exist to get down to brass tacks and act with practical statesmanship and worldly wisdom before the Humpty Dumpty of Bharat that was India falls down the wall cracks up into bits and pieces and not all the International Vanities of Nehru nor all the Raj Dandas of Patel can put Humpty Dumpty together again



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No Alternative

AN EXALTED CONGRESS LEADER and ex-President of the party, to whom proofs of this hook were sent for criticism, wrote back to say that it is "true in most of its facts, but destructive and even cruel in its comment." I cannot agree more. Facts are sacred, comment may be profane. Our national disease, as I diagnose it, is that we suffer from dangerous illusions, suicidal hallucinations; therefore I took the liberty of prescribing the strongest dose of castor oil that may perhaps purge our leadership of their Himalayan delusions.

My tours abroad have served to open my eyes. I have seen nations like Britain, France, Poland, Yugoslavia, even Germany—all wrecked by war—rising out of their blitzed shambles, shaking off the rubble of their dead past and performing miracles of reconstruction; while here in my own India—an infant state scarcely touched by war, which really reaped benefits, like its freedom, from the world catastrophe—one witnesses Congress putting the gear of progress in the reverse and acting like a child attempting to crawl back into the womb of its mother. This backward or downward slide has to be halted, or else we shall go the way of China of Chiang and the Kuomin-

tang. To achieve this end, we shall have to perform quite a few surgical operations and even amputate a few diseased limbs.

Congress, I am afraid, shall have to be the first of the rotten accessories of our body politic to be amputated before we can face the world as a nation and expect to be taken seriously in international counsels. With all his *mahatmaic* instinct, Gandhi himself saw the debacle coming and forewarned us. His last will ordained that Congress should be



"Diseased Limbs"

wound up. His disciples failed to implement the Master's desire. The result is that the carcass of our dead Congress poisons our body politic and literally stinks in the nostrils of the world outside.

What is the alternative? Do we really need an alternative to an institution that is evil and diseased and practically dead? In one of his last articles contributed to *Blitz*, the late *Sher-e-Bengal* Sarat Chandra Bose held Congress responsible for

our one-party misgovernment, one-party parliament, one-party despotism, one-party corruption, one-party nepotism, one-party blackmarket, one-party greed, one-party graft and one-party graft.

Congress has indeed become so corrupt that today it corrupts all those who have any contact with it. Under its evil influence, leaders of the stature of Nehru and Patel have become associated in the eyes of the world with the compounding of felony by the corrupt ministries of Madras, Bengal, Bihar and the Punjab. Congress is responsible for existing conflicts between Nehru and Patel which have divided Government and the country into two hostile factions and are responsible for the dozen and more dualisms in our national character which have made of Bharat that was India the mockery of other nations. But for a stagnant Congress and its divided counsels again, our political paralysis and economic insolvency might have been averted.

Need we then talk of an alternative to such a Congress holding the monopoly of all our misfortunes? I am afraid if we continue thinking and acting in terms of an alternative to Congress and waiting for that millennium to happen, Nature's own

inexorable alternative—or nemesis—may catch up with us and strike us with all the violence and bloodshed of the Communist revolution in China.

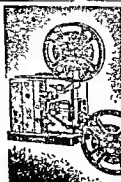
Is that the alternative we want to invite upon us? The other, more immediate and practical alternative is already ours for the asking, only we do not seem to want to see it or grasp it. Let Congress cease to be; and we have leaders like Nehru, Patel and Rajaji who can command the



"Thieves' Kitchen"

respect of the world if only they could be salvaged from the thieves' kitchen of their party machine.

We have also leaders of experience, superb statesmen and astute administrators, outside of Congress, who have been forced into wilderness for the simple reason that cannot show anything like the Congress record of jail sentences. If only Prime Minister Nehru could look beyond the hard and fast boundaries of his



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party, he will find talent, intellect, experience, integrity, selflessness, vision, guts, statesmanship and other qualities of which his own Congress is bankrupt. Communists can offer more than one Dange, Socialists can produce a dozen Ashoka Mehtas, the old Liberals boast of men of the administrative experience of the Mudaliars, Jayakars and Ramaswami Ayers, even the Capitalists have men of immense managerial knowledge like Birla who, all his ideological drawbacks notwithstanding, would do more credit to any job entrusted to him than all the Congress Ministers put together.

There are besides hundreds of non-party intellectuals, professionals, technicians and experts in different lines who could make amends for the incompetence of the jail birds, village idiots, frustrated fadists and fanatics who rule the Congress roost only to wreck and ruin the country. If such a brain-trust does not make adequate alternative to Congress, what in the name of everything sensible does?

If and when Congress goes, with it must also be liquidated our British-made inheritance of the Indian Civil Service that has become the main prop of Congress Ministers today and functions as the supreme evil genius of the Government. These services

made an excellent and efficient organisation in the old days with the best administrators and diplomats that British genius could evolve controlling their ring of unimaginative but hard and trusted steel, but today it is the latter that controls well-meaning but incompetent and inexperienced Congress Ministers.

A great deal of the failure of Nehru's foreign policy or Patel's domestic portfolio—and much more so of the rest of the Central and States ministries—can be put down to



"The supreme evil genius"

the mediocre cadre of the "Brown Bureaucrats" who have assumed complete control over the destinies of the nation. The difference between Mao's China and Nehru's India really boils down to the fact that whilst the former had evolved an efficient cadre of intellectuals and particularly experts in every line to take over the administration of China, the latter had to rely wholly and solely upon the almost alien ICS-men. As in the

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case of Congress, so in the case of the services: if only Nehru and Patel looked outside the "Steel Ring" of the ICS they will find talent aplenty to take over the administration of the land and run it a damned sight more efficiently and effectively.

Particularly does the tremendous potential of the country's youth remain unplumbed. In other countries, specially of Central Europe, I have seen youth marching to work singing lusty songs, rebuilding whole cities, blasting railways through mountain and desert, making themselves the muscle and sinews of the drive for food, housing, hospitals and the general reconstruction of their country. Surely Prime Minister Nehru, who was and perhaps still continues to be the absolute popular hero of Indian youth, could have commanded a similar youth movement. Perhaps it is not yet too late to mobilise the youth of the land, our own young pioneers, to rebuild a new and prosperous India.

But the New can be built only upon the shambles of the old. The debris of History must first be cleared. India tends to live too, too much in the lumber-room of her own dead past. Great and glorious as this past may have been, it is dead all the same. How then does it help us to

live among these ruins? And yet fools there are unto the highest in Government and Congress who will not only cling like blind bats to the ruins of the *Mahabharata*, but build fresh antiquities and museum-pieces in the name of *Gandhism*. That is perhaps because old and tired and senile men hold the monopoly of pelf and power. The least one can expect of the aged but youthful Nehru is to leave these human ruins to their well-or-ill-earned rest and build a new cadre of



'Our dead past'

youth, talent and vitality. Even if the Prime Minister is powerless to do this, let him at least call a halt to the fetish we worship in the name of Gandhi and Gandhism. Let him know the bitter truth that the world sneers at his Congress every time a partyman pollutes Gandhi's spirit by taking Gandhi's name to cover his sins of commission and omission.

What India needs today is a Government of all parties, a coalition of



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all available talent free of party label, a braintrust with youth, vitality and adventure at the helm—and devil take democracy and party government of the existing type! Once the country is united behind such a dynamic coalition, our home frontiers secured and the nation made strong, steady and solvent, our foreign policy will not take long in developing the brain, blood, bone and muscle it lacks at present.

Our foreign policy owes its failure mainly to our bungles on the domestic front. Let us first put our own house in order, evolve a strong and confident Central Government, transform our liabilities into national assets by harnessing refugees other malcontents and particularly the youth of the nation to a genuine war effort against poverty, hunger and disease; wipe off the French, Portuguese and Nepalese pimples upon the body of the nation and, armed with might no less than right, settle differences with Pakistan over Kashmir and other problems by peaceful means, if possible, or any other means that may become necessary.

Once such a beginning is made, our foreign policy will need no Commonwealth props or American crutches to keep it going. It will begin to march on its own feet, in its

own stride. We shall not need to worry overmuch about this bloc and that bloc; rather we would feel justified in creating a "third world force" of our own, in our own continent.

Then there would no longer be any controversy around that much-talked-of illusion about our leadership of Asia. The illusion would become a reality sure as night follows day. India would either integrate the whole of South-East Asia into some form of a commonwealth probably



"Third World Force"

on the pattern of the planned economy and military alliances of the type already set in Central and Eastern Europe by Soviet Russia. Such an Asian confederation—safeguarded by a "Munroe Doctrine" of our own against interference in our territories—will rid us of the menace of aggression on Asian soil by either the Anglo-American or the Soviet Russian blocs.

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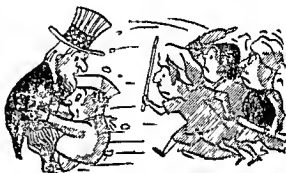
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For when Britain and America cease to have any influence in Asian affairs, there will no longer be any need for Russia to fight that influence by creating its own pockets of influence. And India, freed of Anglo-American shackles, will find an ally after her own heart in China, which will no longer need to look to the Kremlin for assistance against the conspiracy of Washington to strangle her revolution.

Together, India and China, with their defence and economic policies integrated with the other South-East Asian countries which they naturally command from their two ends, can become as powerful a force in Asian affairs as—say, the Anglo-American union in the West. Whilst the latter union has been formed and is functioning as a grand alliance at the peril of our part of the world, it is a thousand pities that neither Nehru nor Mao seem to be working for a similar Indo-Chinese axis.

That way—and that way alone—lies the solution to our problems—our isolation in the midst of a huge Moslem bloc which, because of our differences with the biggest Islamic nation of Pakistan, is bound to be indifferent, if not hostile, to our interests, our vacillations and oscillations between the two world blocs

which have brought us the hostility of both and the goodwill of neither, the step-motherly treatment meted out to us as the Cinderella, or Untouchables, of the United Nations, and our own internal insolvency which is fast reducing us to the status of a satellite of the new Anglo-American empire and making of our forty million humanity the cannon-fodder of an alien war in which we have no interest—all which spell ultimate S-U-I-C-I-D-E for Bharat that was India.



"Congress wants Western reaction"

That is the only alternative to the other one suggested in this and the foregoing chapters. Shall we have the courage and statesmanship to take it? Or shall we go under? We guess Prime Minister Nehru is ready with the correct, historical answer, but his colleagues in Government and Congress won't let him do the right thing. We are afraid Congress

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would rather struggle for its own selfish survival to the bitter end and like Chiang's Kuomintang and the Syngman Rhee junta, take their country down with them rather than permit themselves a decent, Gandhian funeral. They are already looking forward to American reaction helping them withstand the onslaught of popular forces in India. So the vicious circle winds its fatal round. Congress wants Western reaction to rescue it from perdition and Western reaction is using Congress to push through their vile neo-imperialist designs on Asia. That is why the counsel of wise men like Nehru goes by the board.

The answer finally rests with the people, however, and we have no doubt that the voice of the people shall ultimately prevail. Whether it does so through Congress itself, or through its new democratic front led by the Kirpalani-Kidwai group, or through any other party or individual whether it manifests itself in a democratic way or blows up through a revolution in the way of China, nobody can forecast.

The one man who can save the situation however, is Nehru, who—his hundred-and-one sins of commission and omission listed in this book not-

withstanding—remains the only man in the country with the correct background, if not a similarly correct approach, to national and international problems. I do not belong to that school which seems to have decided that Nehru has outlived his period of utility to the nation and the world. I think he has not been given a chance to live it. His Congress and his colleagues are his biggest handicaps.



"Sweet complacency".

In this book I have attempted, in my own immodest way, to show him the alternatives. I do not expect him to like the book or its contents or what he has often condemned in the conversations with me as my violence of style. I do not want him to appreciate all that I have written. All that I want is to jab him out of the sweet complacency of his environment into some awareness of a situation redolent of tragic potentialities for him, his country and his

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people. I want to save him from his colleagues. I want him simply to be himself—the Jawaharlal that we knew of old. That is why I have taken the liberty of striking him in his most sensitive spot—the issue of India's international stock—and reflecting his country back to him in the mirror of world opinion.

If anybody can still save us from insolvency, suicide and a war of other peoples' making, it is Jawaharlal. But first the Prime Minister must save himself from his Anglo-American friends, his Congress colleagues and the "Steel Ring" of his servants—or masters, as the case may be—in the Services.



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